

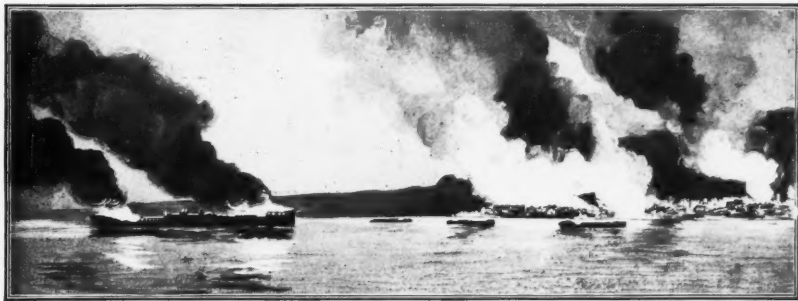
THE COSMOPOLITAN.

From every man according to his ability: to every one according to his needs.

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THE BURNING OF ST. PIERRE. STEAMSHIP "RORAIMA" AT THE LEFT.

THE ERUPTION OF MONT PELÉE.

Dictated to George R. McIntyre by ELLERY S. SCOTT, Chief Officer Lost Steamship "Roraima."

I AM a plain sailor and it is not easy for me to tell of those awful hours on the deck of the "Roraima" in St. Pierre harbor when death and destruction were all about me. That scene is like a nightmare to me now. At times it rises before me in all its

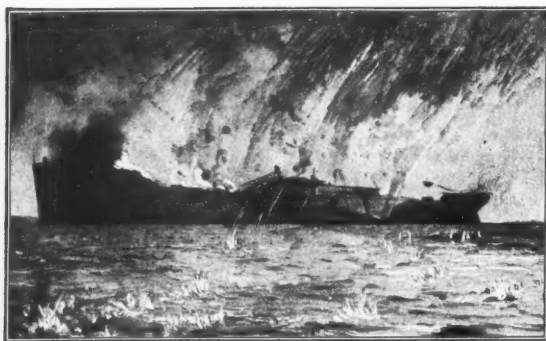
vividness—at others I wonder if it was not all a horrible dream. Well do I know that it was not a dream, for though leagues of water now separate me from St. Pierre, before me ever is the face of my eldest boy, whose life was snuffed out, as were the lives



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THE FIRST CORPSE. FOUND BY THE ENGLISH RESCUE PARTY ARRIVING FROM BARBADOES.

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NEAR VIEW OF THE "RORAIMA'S" HULK, BURNING FORE AND AFT.

of more than twenty-five thousand, on that fatal morning of May 8th when Mont Pelée with such swiftness poured a deluge of fire and ashes, and a hail of hot stones, upon St. Pierre—when the city was wiped from the face of the earth in a few minutes; when all except one of the ships in the harbor were overwhelmed, first by a wave that swept shoreward with resistless force and then by the rain from Pelée's crater.

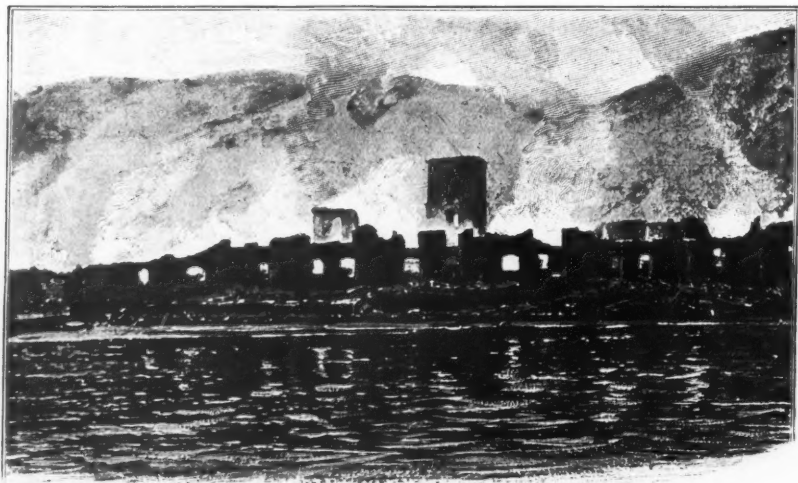
In the face of such an overwhelming disaster, the greatest of its kind in the world, the tongue is dumb. Words cannot describe it accurately. I have read Bulwer-Lytton's description of the ruin of

Pompeii. If I had the pen of a Lytton—but even Bulwer-Lytton, if alive to-day, could not tell adequately of Pelée's fearful eruption. Mere words cannot describe it. No artist could draw it.

When my mind reverts to it now, I feel my heart sink. I feel like covering my eyes with my hands in a vain effort to shut out from my mind the picture that comes and goes—as it will all my life.

Sometimes, by sheer force of will I can send my thoughts back to the Martinique of a few brief weeks ago—the Martinique that was like a jewel of the sea. The island, some twenty-five miles long and perhaps fifteen broad, is between the 14th and 15th parallels of latitude. Longitude 61° West fairly cuts through its center from north to south.

Often have I gazed over that verdant land when our ship floated on the placid waters of the harbor. It was an island of beautiful trees and shrubs, of rippling brooks and cascades, of pretty nooks, of fair fields, and of little lakes that reflected your face as you looked into their waters.



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VIEW TAKEN CLOSE INSHORE, SHOWING THE SMOKING TOWN AND RUINED CATHEDRAL.

It was a fruitful land, a land that seemed made for a dreaming people—and a dreaming people inhabited it.

St. Pierre was at the base of the mountains that loomed up back of it, peak on peak. Mont Pelée was away to the northwest, the highest of them all, but, like all the others, it had vegetation growing almost to the very mouth of its seemingly extinct crater, a crater that had resolved itself into a lake. The waters of it were clear as crystal; but I have heard that the taste was bitter, as if these waters had been steeped in herbs. On Pelée's side were brooks and rivulets of sweet water, and picnic parties often ascended almost to the very crater's edge before spreading their lunches on cloths laid on the smooth green-sward.



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SUFFOCATED WHILE FLEEING THE CITY.

It was a vision of fairyland to see the sun rise in Martinique. It has no dawn as we understand it, and no twilight such as we have in the north. The sun rises very abruptly. The blue of the sky always seemed deeper to me at Martinique than anywhere else, it was such an intense blue. As the sun lifted above the horizon, you could see all things tinted with lilac. Then yellow and violet waves seemed to be running together and intermingling in the air. The sea lost its green color. It became orange in the morning. At night, as the sun sank it would look almost blood-red.

St. Pierre was a queer old city. Its buildings were ancient. Many of them were relics, I have been told, of the seventeenth century. It was always interesting to me, when business would allow, to take a short walk through this quaint old city. During my various visits, before that last fearsome one, I had managed to walk

pretty nearly all over the place. Once I slept in the city, in a queer, low-ceiled room with one of those curious old dormer-windows. The bed was a heavy mahogany affair, with ponderous posts. Pictures in heavy frames adorned the walls.

The houses in St. Pierre were all of stone; the narrow streets were flagged in heavy stone blocks. It was the style, I suppose, in those ancient cities of three hundred years ago. And yet St. Pierre could as easily have had wide streets. There was room enough on which to build a city even on this ledge at the foot of the mountain-range, along the shores of the bay where ancient St. Pierre stood.

I do not believe there was an entirely level street in the whole city, nor one that was absolutely straight. They all turned and twisted about, around curves, and up-and-downhill. Sometimes, to continue your walk along a street it was necessary to ascend or descend stairways or else a steep



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RUINS OF GOVERNMENT HOUSE AND THE PRISON.

incline. Wooden awnings covered with zinc shaded many of the shop fronts. The roofs of the houses were steep and full of gables.

Yellow was the color used to paint the houses, where paint was used at all. The stones of which they were built had grown gray with age, and lichen and moss covered the crevices.

Over some of the many gabled buildings, running vines climbed. Iron or wooden slats took the place of glass in the windows. All of them, too, were supplied with heavy wooden shutters that could be closed, making the interiors dark.

The people of St. Pierre were like the people all over the island—slow, dreamy, content. On the entire island before the eruption there were probably one hundred and fifty thousand of negro blood, from a dense black to a creamy white. The rest of the population included probably fifteen thousand Asiatics, and possibly the same number of pure whites. The whites, as a class, were the poor people of the island. The blacks had much of the trade. Of course, I refer, not to the foreign financial institutions that had been established in St. Pierre,

such as the Banque Transatlantique and others, but to the native-born whites.

The negroes, like those of the Southern States of America, were a music-loving people. I have often listened with delight to their songs. Some of the half-breeds were fine, stalwart-looking, intelligent men. The women, some of whom were nearly white, were often entitled to be called beautiful.

They were a very superstitious people. The natives regarded Pelée as a saint. They were firm in the belief

that he would never visit them with fire again.

The overwhelming of St. Pierre did not come without warning. The people knew that the volcano threatened, as early as May 3d. Then the first belch of smoke came from its crater. Even before, a warning had come of impending eruption, for the people of Le Précheur, a village built at the very base of the western slope of Pelée, had for some time been smelling sulphurous gases in the air, the forerunner of the great outburst that was even then making ready to shoot forth from beneath the rocky crust of the volcano. Pelée had indulged in a long sleep. It had not been active in more than half a century, except



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A TYPICAL SCENE OF DESOLATION. GIGANTIC TREES UPROOTED AND THROWN ABOUT.



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VIEW ALONGSHORE TO THE NORTH—IN THE FOREGROUND THE WRECK OF THE GREAT LIGHTHOUSE.

for the ominous rumbling some twenty-five years ago.

But this warning of May 3d was more than a mere rumbling. It was an outburst of fire and smoke. Great clouds of smoke began to pour from the crater on the afternoon of May 3d. Apparently the lake in the once extinct crater had been licked up by the heat. The smoke gave place to flame that shot hundreds of feet into the air at midnight of that day.

Then came shocks as of earthquakes. The earth trembled. The flashes of fire from the great crater kept up all that night. In the morning St. Pierre was covered with a shower of hot ashes to a depth of two inches or more. Mont Pelée's top was hidden by smoke. It had not been easy to see the top even on a clear day, because of the clouds that hovered over it even when the sky in all other parts was apparently cloudless. But on May 4th, the day when the ashes fell, smoke hid Pelée's crater from sight. At night the flames came again, and on the 5th the eruption became still more threatening.

Then a stream of lava, a mile wide, ran to the sea, a distance of four miles, in

three minutes; and on its way slew hundreds of people. The great Guérin factories were wiped out. The employees were slain; their homes were licked up in a twinkling.

It would seem as if this should have stirred the entire city of St. Pierre to a panic of fear. Many persons, since my return to New York, have asked me why the people were so dormant, so indifferent to their impending fate. To understand this, one must know the dreamy character of the people of St. Pierre. Pelée was no stranger to them. Remember, too, that they regarded it as their patron saint.

Besides, it would have been difficult for the entire population of this gay little city to escape, even if the people had so willed. Whither would they have fled? There were not ships enough to take them all away.

Travel by land would have been hazardous over the mountain-lands to the southward. It is possible that they could have accomplished it. Americans or Englishmen, in a like case, would perhaps have tried it. But a native of Martinique attempt such feats? Hardly.

Some of the people did flee. The report



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BEYOND RECOGNITION.

that all remained in the city up to the last is not true. Sailboats and small yachts took some away. Others went on ships in the harbor. Most of the latter, doubtless, perished when the final outburst came.

The financial institutions of St. Pierre were the first to take the alarm. The entire contents of the vaults of the Colonial Bank and other banking-houses were transferred to the French cruiser "Suchet." But the bank officials, many of them, remained in St. Pierre, as did the rank and file of the people. They cowered in their homes, so a survivor told me in Fort de France, when I, as one of the mere handful saved, reached there on the French cruiser.

Perhaps one reason, a strong one, why the people remained so inactive might be found in the fact that Pelée gave evidence of subsiding on May 7th. The rumblings grew less and the fall of ashes was not so great, though the smoke was still pouring from the crater in great volume.

Now I come to that last scene in the destruction of St. Pierre, the morning of May 8th. The

"Roraima" steamed into the harbor of St. Pierre soon after six o'clock that morning. The air was clear, the sky a deep blue. There were no clouds. We had been struck by a light shower of ashes that morning before reaching port, but no ashes were falling in the harbor. Our vessel dropped anchor about seven hundred yards offshore. We were opposite the lighthouse. This was at the northern end of the bay, and nearer to Pelée than we should have been at the southern extremity.

The volcano, of course, engaged the attention of all on board. Smoke was pouring upward from the crater, and it was impossible to see the summit, for the wreathing smoke concealed it. We felt some uneasiness, and said so when the agents came on board.

But they laughed at us. They said we should have been in St. Pierre three days before, and they regaled us with a description of the eruption that plowed to the sea over the Guérin factories. They asked, however, if we could not go on to St. Lucia and discharge cargo there, as sixty first-class passengers wanted to leave St. Pierre.



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RUINS OF THE HOTEL GRAN, THE FASHIONABLE RESORT WHOSE BREAKFAST-ROOM WAS CROWDED AT 7.50 A.M., MAY 8TH.

They were among the prudent ones who desired to leave the city behind until all danger was past.

Captain Muggah was willing to do this, if possible—not so much because he feared Pelée, as because it was Ascension Day, and a feast-day in St. Pierre. It would be impossible, therefore, to discharge any of our cargo until the next day. The Captain asked me to look over the cargo and see if that intended for St. Lucia could be removed without disturbing much of the con-

to breakfast. Some of the passengers were on deck. We had perhaps sixteen on the ship. Most of them, however, were below preparing for breakfast.

Through the glass I could see people hurrying along the narrow streets to the various churches. Ashes could still be seen on the roofs, but much of the downfall had been swept from the streets, so far as I could observe. The people were in their finest attire. And they dressed in gay colors in St. Pierre. It was always interesting to



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SIXTEEN CHARRED BODIES FOUND ON A STREET CORNER.

signment for St. Pierre. You see how small a matter sometimes decides one's fate. I found that to get at the St. Lucia consignment, it would be necessary to move a lot intended for St. Pierre, as it rested on top of St. Lucia goods. Captain Muggah, in some disgust, decided to remain in St. Pierre until the next day, although it meant a day of idleness.

It took me until nearly eight o'clock to overhaul the cargo. We breakfasted at eight, and I lounged over to the rail to take another look at the city before going

me to see these people in their holiday dress. The head-dresses of the women were especially brilliant.

In idle interest, I turned my glass toward Mont Pelée. It was at that very moment that the whole top of the mountain seemed blown into the air. The sound that followed was deafening. A great mass of flames, seemingly a mile in diameter, with twisting giant wreaths of smoke, rolled thousands of feet into the air, and then overbalanced and came rolling down the seamed and cracked sides of the mountain.



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REFUGEES FROM LE PRÉCHEUR LANDING AT FORT DE FRANCE.

Foot-hills were overflowed by the onrushing mass. It was not mere flame and smoke. It was molten lava, giant blocks of stone and a hail of smaller stones, with a mass of scalding mud intermingled.

For one brief moment I saw the city of St. Pierre before me. Then it was blotted out by the overwhelming flood. There was no time for the people to flee. They had not even time to pray. I heard Captain Muggah say: "Heave up the anchor. All hands get ready." Then I turned, to see a great wave rushing toward us from the sea. It reached us before a move could be made to heave anchor. The "Rod-dam's" anchor-chain could be unshackled. Ours could not. With us it was a question of raising the anchor. There was no time to do that.

I had called to Carpenter Benson to start the windlass, but before he could move, the "Roraima" rolled almost on her port beam-ends, and then as suddenly went to starboard. The funnel, masts and boats went by the board in an instant. The decks were swept clean. The hatches were staved in. The next instant a hail of fire and red-hot stones was upon the ship. Then came the scalding mud. The saloon

was ablaze. The ship seemed doomed. Men were struck down all around me by flaming masses of lava. From bright sunlight the air became dense as midnight. The smoke that rolled down from the crater's mouth had blotted the sun from our vision.

To find Captain Muggah was my first effort. I stumbled through the ship looking for him. Finally I found him on the lower bridge-deck in shirt and trousers, his hair singed from his scalp, his whiskers and mustache burned off, a pitiable sight. He was suffering great agony. And yet in that supreme moment he did not forget his duty.

"Save the women and children," he said. "Oh, Scott, the poor women and children!" We tried to cut away a life-boat, the Captain weakly aiding in spite of his hurts, but it had wedged in the chocks and could not be moved. Third-mate Thomas Thompson tried to help us.

I cannot go over in detail all that occurred during the six fearful hours spent on the "Roraima" after the eruption of Pelée. Captain Muggah was swept away, or in agony jumped overboard, I know not which. He disappeared. I could



MOLTEN LAVA FORMING A POOL.

find my son nowhere on the ship. It was difficult to get about, for the decks were slippery with the hot mud that plastered them and the ship was ablaze in three places. We fought the fire desperately. Assistant-purser Thompson, Carpenter Benson, Second-engineer Evans and Fourth-engineer Morris helped. The passengers who were still alive were huddled forward. We tried to build a raft. Two laborers from St. Kitts, who were on board, helped in this. It is doubtful if we should have survived if we had committed ourselves to it, for the flames were dancing over the waters, fed by thousands of gallons of rum from the distilleries alongshore. The casks had burst and the blazing fluid floated on the surface. Pelée was still pouring

its deluge of lava, rocks and ashes over the city. We could not see St. Pierre. At times we could not see one hundred feet away from the ship. At other times the pall lifted so that we could see the whole city ablaze.

We saw the "Roddam" go plunging by us at the start. We hoped for succor from her. It was vain. The pall of smoke lifted after three o'clock in the afternoon. Then we saw the French cruiser "Suchet" making for the harbor. They sent a boat that took some of the women and children.

Another boat and a launch took the others. I was the last to leave. On board the "Suchet" we received all kindness. We were rapidly taken from the harbor. The "Roraima" was ablaze fore and aft.



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STRICKEN DEAD IN THE STREET.



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VIEW ALONG SOUTHERN SHORE. BODIES HIDDEN UNDER DÉBRIS OF FENCES, TREES, TELEGRAPH POLES, BRICKS AND DUST.

The volcano was still belching. It seemed like the end of the world.

The word that Fort de France is threatened has so often been cabled to New York lately, that I have been asked if Pelée could also overwhelm that city. I can answer that only by saying that Fort de France is twelve miles south of Pelée, and between them there are many mountain-peaks, with deep cañons running east and west. These cañons are enormous, and to reach Fort de France the lava from Pelée would have to fill and overflow the cañons. Such an event would mean an eruption of a magnitude that the mind refuses to grasp.

In my opinion, however, the entire island of Martinique is in danger. I believe that the whole island is underlaid with volcanoes and other craters are likely to form and belch forth in any part of it at any time.

I believe it to be impossible to say what caused the eruption. Theories are always advanced at times like this, but the fact remains that the world knows very little of its volcanoes, until after they have erupted. Even then the information we get—acquired at so high a price—is of what they have

done, not of the machinery that did it.

It was a new crater, midway between the sea and Mont Pelée, that destroyed St. Pierre, although both the old and the new crater were in action. Around the new crater are hundreds of fissures and vents—miniature volcanoes—all active.

It is difficult to realize that a city like St. Pierre can be swept from the earth so suddenly. Unless one returns to the subject again and again, the mind hardly takes in the full significance of the results of such a disaster. It is hard to picture in the mind's eye a city deserted by every living thing except, perhaps, rats, its streets and houses crushed out of shape, with dead bodies strewn everywhere. Aside from the loss of life, the property loss is enormous. One wonders at the appalling task before the government of the island, and the life and property insurance companies. One thing may be said to the credit of the United States: the government and the people of this country, in the relief movement immediately started for the Martinique sufferers, were the first of all to see their duty and to do it.

HOW FASHIONS ARE SET.

BY NANCY M. W. WOODROW.

"**S**O many worlds: so little done!" cries the poet distractedly, and for once the materialist agrees with him.

So many worlds in this mutable, inconstant, kaleidoscopic cosmos of ours!—the worlds of art, of religion, of letters, of politics, of science, of philanthropy, with their innumerable subdivisions and ramifications; while distinct from all, yet trenching upon each, is that Olympus of earth, the World of Fashion. For the fiat of its sovereigns rule the arbiters of those lesser worlds, and even invade the great silent realm beyond them all.

"Betty, give this cheek a little red;
One need not sure look ugly, tho' one's dead."



It is no workaday world, this, shadowed by the cares and pains of toiling humanity; but a dainty, bonbon, spun-sugar realm where all unpleasant occurrences are relegated to the background, and the stage is always set for the drawing-room.

One may describe it and its suzerains unlimitedly; but the thing itself, Fashion, which to the worldly-minded always conveys the last supreme grace—what is it? It is a bauble, a toy, a trifle light as air; but, to him who possesses it, a scepter of infinite power. Millions have been bartered for it, lives lost; yet to most of its great leaders it has come as a birthright, a divine gift, "like Dian's kiss, unasked, unsought."

The satirical question rings down the ages, "Can a man by taking thought add one cubit to his stature?" Undoubtedly not; still, in some marvelous way, when the mode demands it we can make ourselves curiously plastic. Was not every woman a "Mrs. Cimabue Brown" when the Pre-Raphaelites first achieved their conquest of England? Recall how the "Gibson man" sprang up like

Mlle. CAVALIERI, THE MOST BEAUTIFULLY GOWNED FRENCH ACTRESS.

Jonah's gourd all over the country as soon as that artist's clever conception was accepted as a model of masculine form.

We are tall and lithe and lissom, or short and round and plump, just as fashion dictates. This year, one's hair may be dark and one's cheek exhibit a distinguished pallor; next year, we see nothing but golden tresses and the bloom of perpetual roses.

A generation ago, a cartoon appeared in one of the comic papers representing a darky beau inquiring solicitously of his coal-black lady, "W'ich does yo' prefer, Miss Johnsing—blarnds er bluenettes?"; and, when Fashion decides the momentous question for a particular season, we at once become dusky as creole beauties, or daz-zlingly fair as Norse maidens, according to her latest edict.

Yes, beyond peradventure, Fashion rules: but who rules Fashion? What is the impalpable, intangible quality which makes a woman a leader among her sisters, an authority on modes? There are many great ladies, but they do not all set fashions.

What, then, is this attribute of the chosen few, which causes their appearance, manners, gestures, and tricks of speech to be so slavishly copied, not only within the confines of their own charmed circle, but equally, if in somewhat exaggerated fashion, by every village belle and city shop-girl in the land?



COUNTESS OF ANNESLEY.

It is a quality as elusive, as difficult to define, as unassertive yet as potent, as the taste of a strawberry, the scent of a violet or the fascination of a woman. Perhaps, after all, it may be largely interpreted by that hackneyed phrase, personal magnetism.

There are, for instance, in the world of Fashion hundreds of rich, prominent and beautiful women yet among them all there are only one or two who are able to exclaim with the positive assurance of a Louis XIV., "I am the state!"

It is these last who are the arbiters in all matters of dress and decorum. They are the women who leave a definite mark on their day; whose sayings, doings, manner of wearing the hair and of carrying a sunshade, invite notice and command imitation. They possess the



Portrait by Hall.

COMTESSE DE BRISSAC.



Portrait by Hall.

MRS. OLIVER HARRIMAN.

power of keeping the eyes of the multitude constantly riveted upon themselves. In a word, they are endowed with the faculty of personal magnetism. This is the *sine qua non*; but beyond this, the true leader of fashion should have beauty of person, grace of bearing, flexibility of perception, and an abiding confidence in her own judgment. When such a one pipes, all must dance to her music.

In European countries social lines are far more rigid than here and any *outré* style of gown worn at the more important royal functions would give offense and probably cause the wearer to be socially ostracized. Within certain narrow limits novelty may be attempted, but no marked innovations would be tolerated. And so the correct style filters through all the social strata and many of the poorest women imitate things worn by the more fortunate peeresses.

Thus, it is true throughout Europe more than in the United States that new fashions or old ones rejuvenated emanate almost entirely from the brains of actresses and their dressmakers. Indeed, many a modern society play owes its

long run to the beautiful costuming of the characters rather than to the excellence of the performance.

Naturally, in England Queen Alexandra has always been a leader of the mode, and when she donned the high jeweled collar to hide a disfiguring birthmark, every woman, who could possibly secure a mate to it, fitted her neck to the yoke like an obedient ox. It mattered not that many of the necks were far from swanlike in dimensions: ever since the Queen adopted and has clung to her high collar, the apoplectic and neckless have assiduously choked themselves with tight, jeweled bands, until at times their eyes have almost goggled from their heads.



A SUMPTUOUS STAGE COSTUME.



Portrait by Hall.

DUCHESS DE B.—.

The same authority dresses her hair low; and it is a trifle amusing to note how in this coronation year women are almost universally coiling their locks about the napes of their necks, entirely regardless of the suitability of the style to the contours of differing heads.

The historical examples of queens and great ladies who have held sway in the world of Fashion are very numerous, and in most cases very trite. Some of the stories of the present day are apt to find extremely ludicrous; as, for instance, that of the introduction of linen chemises by Isabella of Bavaria, wife of Charles VI., and a lady who was widely noted for her extravagance in dress.

Previous to her day, the grandes dames of that period had deemed it no disgrace to wear a garment of humble woolen stuff; but when Isabella proudly exhibited two linen smocks as the crowning glory of her gorgeous wardrobe, every lady of the court immediately followed suit; and although they shivered wofully in the chill and

slippery linen, yet with touching naïveté they wore their gowns open from waist to hem, and their sleeves flowing, in order that they might demonstrate to all the world that they were truly of the very elect.

The home of Fashion, the Mecca for its devotees, has shifted during the centuries, with the esthetic ascendancy of various races, from one gay capital to another. At different times, its laws, equally with those of earth's great conquerors, have been sounded forth from Memphis, and Babylon, and Carthage, and Athens, and Rome, and Byzantium, and Alexandria, and Madrid, and Venice. In our own era, until recently, "Made in Paris" was the hall-mark of good taste, and it must be confessed that to a great extent the

old preference still obtains. Of late years, however, there has been a growing tendency in both English and American society to cast off the thralldom of French dictation and establish a school of essentially domestic ideals.

How far afield we have wandered from these erstwhile omnipotent mandates, is aptly shown in the portraits of the three great ladies of Paris here presented. Mark the differences in style between



Photograph by Lafayette.
MARCHIONESS OF LONDONDERRY.



Photograph by Histed.

MRS. EDWIN GOULD.

them and their English and American compeers.

One notes, too, with surprise that the aim here, as in the toilets of all the best-gowned women of Paris, is toward a greater simplicity of effect, despite the well-known fact that the Paris fashions are largely originated by famous actresses and demimondaines. Some petted favorite of the foot-lights or famous figure of the half-world will tilt her hat at a certain angle, or devise a new cut of coat, and instantly the fad is taken up by the most irreproachable matron and the severest prude.

Still, the French are not entirely singular in this respect. Stage women of all nations are potent factors in the establishment of modes. The "Langtry bang" was more prevalent in America than the grip, and the "Hading veil" raged with an almost equal virulence. Ada Rehan, Georgia Cayvan, Mrs. "Pat" Campbell, Ellen Terry, Lillian Russell, Maude Adams, Hilda Spong and Edna May have each been more or less responsible for cults which from time to time have made their appearance in May-Fair and along Fifth Avenue.

In England Queen Alexandra is now,

and has been ever since her first introduction to British society, lady paramount on all questions of style. There are, however, in the United Kingdom many noblewomen and society queens who exert a powerful, if less extended, influence. Among these, Lady Gordon-Lennox, noted as the best-dressed woman in England, Lady Annesley and Mrs. Keppel are names to conjure with.

On this side of the water, we have no official arbiter of modes, no courts or royalties to determine the disputed issues of fashion. The temporary occupant of the White House, it is true, rejoices in the title of "First Lady of the Land"; but the wives of our Presidents have been for the most part such quiet, stay-at-home bodies, interested more in the political careers of their husbands than in laces and chiffons, that no one would seriously think of following their lead, even should they attempt to head the procession. In questions of social precedence at the capital they have often prescribed the law within certain limits and their favor has been much sought, but there is no instance of a President's wife having become a dictator of fashions.

Nevertheless, there is in this country a standard as fixed as that of England or of France, and to which every woman heedful



Photograph by Histed.

HON. MRS. GEORGE KEPPEL.



COUNTESS OF ANNESLEY.

of appearances unhesitatingly subscribes. In fact, there is no more rigid stickler for what she considers good form than this same American woman.

See how we all wear our hair in the style first set by La Pompadour, because Fashion has decreed that such shall be the reigning mode. An English writer, in noting this uniformity of head-apparel among our countrywomen, has recently said, "The American woman has practically made the pompadour an article of national faith"; and it seems hardly an exaggerated statement, when one considers that nearly every woman from Maine to California, no matter what her age, color or previous condition of servitude, wears her hair rolled back from her brow without even a suspicion of the frivolous curls so dear to the heart of her cousin across the seas.

Who, then, regulates these all-important questions for the sisterhood of America? What is the tribunal of final jurisdiction in our land? Who first bestows the cachet of approval on a fabric, a color or a mode

which all the world thereupon hastens to accept and adopt as its own?

There are in each of our large cities one or more women recognized as social leaders, whose fiat on questions of etiquette and precedence is all-supreme; but it is to a little coterie in the metropolis, whose wealth, position, beauty and taste render them independent of cavil or criticism, that we look for guidance in the matters of fashion.

As much at home on one side of the Atlantic as on the other, these women are entirely free from the diffidence of provincialism; and, gifted with unerring discrimination, they invariably select what best accords with their own preferences, serenely regardless of how the rest of the world may look upon the innovation. As a matter of fact, the rest of the world usually tumbles over itself in its haste to follow in their footsteps.

These are the women who form the oligarchy of fashion in America, the supreme council before whose bar the conceptions of tailor and milliner and boot-maker must stand, to be either adjudged worthy or ruthlessly condemned and cast into outer darkness. These are they who settle for the other millions



LADY ALGERNON GORDON-LENNOX.



MLLE. HAYGATE, A FRENCH ACTRESS WHO INFLUENCES THE FASHIONS.



Photograph by Histed.

MRS. JOSEPH WIDENER.

the questions of fashions. There may be other authorities; but it is the example of the smartest group in the metropolis which stamps the prevailing tone of good society throughout any country.

As has been said before, these women or their dressmakers create fashions with the sole purpose of suiting the individual. Why then should the well-dressed woman not hit upon a style with which she is so well pleased that change would be undesirable? Whether or not there is a logical reason, it is a fact that the desire for novelty of style and a reputation for "smartness" is forever driving women on, step by step, in fashion's train, and those who can anticipate a style or originate it are at once the center of attention.

We say they originate the fashions; yet, after all, do they? Is it not rather that they decide what fash-

ions of a bygone day shall be revived? For modes, like periodic diseases or cataclysms of nature, recur in cycles. Years may elapse, but the vogue which once was seems sure to return again. The high ruff of Queen Elizabeth has time after time been resurrected and laid away again, and since her day the more pronounced styles of the court circle, as depicted by the most famous painters of the period, have been subject to waves of sudden popularity. It is only a year or two ago that we went back to 1830, and none may predict what is likely to be our next requisition upon the past.

Men can never understand the place which fashions hold in the feminine heart. With them it is almost a code of honor to sneer at the mode,



Portrait by Hall.

MME. DE MAVIÉ.

and to deride the haste with which each new fad is adopted, only to be as speedily discarded when the next one makes its appearance. Yet, in its final analysis, is not this lightening-change habit simply one manifestation of the great art of pleasing?

For masculine taste has never been characterized by stability. It has a tendency to butterfly flutterings from flower to flower; and



Portrait by
Hall.

Copyright, 1902,
by Davis & Sanford.

MRS. ALFRED VANDERBILT.

has an unconcealed longing for condiments, demanding to be piqued and tantalized. Its insistent demand is for novelty, always novelty. And therefore woman, complaisant woman, attempts to charm her lord's fancy by keeping herself before his eyes in such a kaleidoscopic whirl of new presentments that he shall be perpetually beguiled into the belief that he has found all women in one.

ET EGO IN ARCADIA.

BY ALDIS DUNBAR.

Swept onward through the somber pines
The night-wind, whispering: "Dreams
are free

At moon-dawn. Hush all thoughts to rest
And careless-hearted pass with me
The moonlight path that leads across
The sleeping hills—to Arcady."

Beneath the waving, sun-warm leaves I lay,
A dreamer, on a hills'ide clad with vines,
Each vine ablossom. Sure, the breeze at
play
Caught fragrance rarer than celestial
wines.

Idle, I watched the silent sunbeam pass
A marble pillar, fallen in the grass.

Soft! was it music? Then a footstep near?
A staff thrown down? A low bough
bent aside

By stalwart arm? A sound of piping clear?
A shaggy head—not grim, but kindly-
eyed?

Ay, in the noon hush, to the shadows deep
Came mighty Pan, and laid him down to
sleep.

Then up the hill slope clambered—half
afraid,

Half daring, hiding where tall grasses
grew—

His train: a chubby, witching little maid,

With wondering laughter in her eyes of
blue;

A tiny faun, with wayward feet adance,
Wee pointed ears, quaint mischief in his
glance.

A flowery tendril crowned each baby head;
Her dimpled fingers holding his—more
brown—

As trustingly she followed where he led,
And by the broken column nestled down,
Gleeful, yet timid still, she saw him grasp
The mute pipes, fallen from the wood-
god's clasp.

Screened by the vines, cheek pressed to
roseleaf cheek,

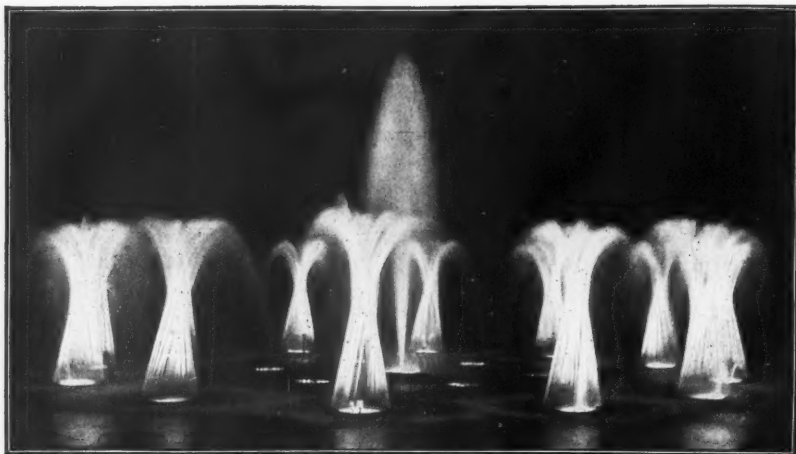
They tried to stir the music hidden there;
Laughing to find each effort all too weak,
Yet striving on, a merry, breathless pair.

At last one tremulous note the syrinx
sighed,
And o'er the hills the tender echo died.

A sudden stir! Their prize unheeded fell.
They clung in mingled terror and delight
To shaggy Pan—I heard a far-off bell:
The swaying of the pines—and—it was
night.

But through each dream, with rippling
laughter ran

The baby faun who stole the pipes of Pan.



SHEAVES OF WHEAT.

THE ELECTRICAL FOUNTAIN.

BY H. S. ARCHER.

WITH the growth of the great parks and open-air places of recreation, the problem of how to entertain the throngs that crowd them is becoming a more and more absorbing one to the proprietors and the managers. In almost all the large European cities open-air gardens are found within easy walking-distance of the residential and business parts of the town whose numerous patrons may be seen regu-



A SIMPLE EFFECT.

larly once or twice a week sipping their beer or wine under the trees. Providing amusement for a crowd of this size is a comparatively easy task.

A little stage, well illuminated, around whose base chairs and tables are placed, is the setting for the scenery of the entertainment provided by the ballad-singer, the grotesque clown, the lightning sculptor who makes portraits in less than a minute by the watch, the trained

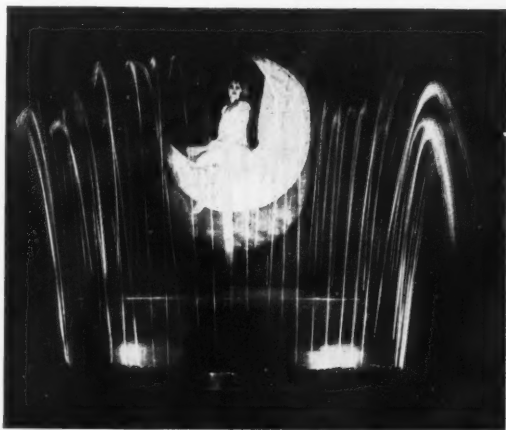
troupes of animals, and all the other familiar stars of the vaudeville world.

When the gas lights around the stage are turned out, the spectators wander away to the cave where an odd little dwarf or a buxom girl serves refreshments for a small consideration. Then a few minutes' lounging under the trees and the crowd takes itself off.

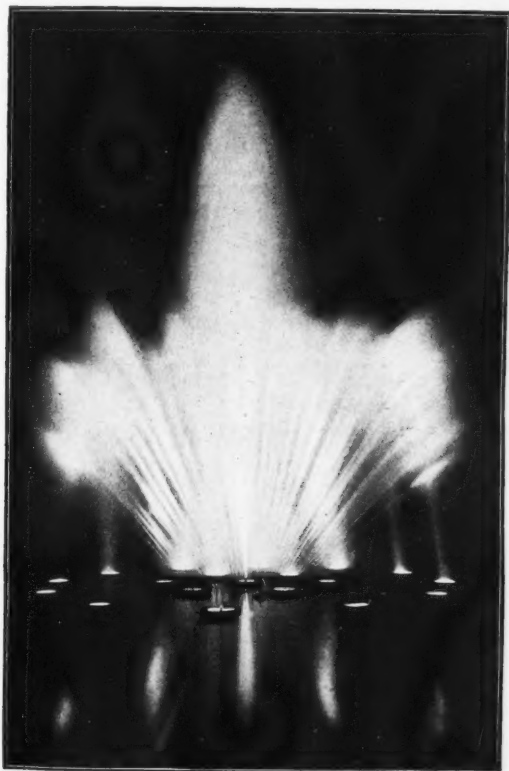
Compared with the problem of amusing the far more numerous American crowd, this is extremely simple. At almost all the large American resorts it is impossible to conduct an open-air theater where even a small portion of those desiring to see and hear the performance can be accommodated. The voice does not carry far and varying winds play havoc with it, so the ingeniousness of the managers has been largely directed toward spectacular effect. New and startling displays of fireworks, elaborately designed, delight the public for a while, but after the Fourth of July it tires of this form of amusement and the electrical fountain reaches its height of popularity.

On a hot summer evening nothing is more refreshing than to sit under the spreading trees on the edge of a beautifully lighted pond and listen to the gentle splashing of the waters before the real

performance commences. Every one who attended the Pan-American Exposition last summer remembers the splendid effect produced by the waterfall from the Electrical Tower and the row of fountains at its base. Here ample space was afforded for a grand display, but the average fountain in the permanent popular resorts must concentrate its effects within a few square yards, and it is really wonderful what varying displays and schemes of color and shape are devised with limited means. Merely the pull of a lever and the pressure of a button will afford an ever-



A SHIMMERING MOON-GODDESS.



A LIQUID FAN.

changing program for hours at a time, the water shooting high into the air lighted by every color of the rainbow at the will of the operator. Beginning with a single jet thrown possibly a hundred feet as a background to the picture, miniature cascades in the form of bowls are added. Suddenly these disappear, and in their place is a combination resembling golden sheaves of wheat. The sheaves are succeeded by a hundred spires reaching halfway up the central column of water. These, falling, form a snowy cloud of spray which changes from white to green, red, blue, and every combination of colors.

As a crowning achievement, the most recent use of the electrical fountain has been as a framework for living pictures. One sees in the dim light a spectral figure rising apparently from the center of the fountain. Then the lights are turned on, and the jets of water play, while the figure assumes one graceful pose after another. Sometimes a group of three figures is introduced, historical



A POPULAR GROUP—"CUBA AND COLUMBIA."

statues are represented, and patriotism is appealed to by a figure of Columbia, of George Washington or some statesman or hero of today. Everything works with such precision and apparent ease that the average onlooker does not think of the difficulties involved. In fact, he does not even consider that it may not be altogether pleasant for the girl who is assuming various smiling poses to be drenched through by the falling spray on a windy night toward early autumn, nor that a greenroom situated from ten to thirty feet underground, and incidentally under water, may not be the most comfortable place in the world.

A trip behind the scenes—or, perhaps better, under the scenes—is interesting. First you climb down a stone ladder, little less than perpendicular, then you proceed through a narrow stone passageway lined with heavy black cables, and just wide enough for one man to pass at a time. On one side is the chamber containing the pump which gives the water its force. In the main room is a wall apparently decorated with squares made of many-colored buttons, and underneath the squares is a line of levers like those in a block-signal switch-house on a railroad. At one side is a ladder, and the visitor climbing this finds that he is looking out through three narrow windows upon the surface of the fountain. Here the operator who is running the electric switchboard stands, and near by are the gages indicating the water-

pressure. The colored buttons correspond in shade to the colors used in the display, and by pressing different combinations of them the operator changes the combinations of the color-scheme, and at the same time he turns on, by means of numbered levers, certain jets or combinations of jets which determine the shape and size of the entire fountain. Before him is a pile of charts covered with hieroglyphics and different colors, which serve as his guides; these have to be continually consulted, for no man could carry in his brain the order of a two hours' performance. When the last

chart is exposed to view, there is a moment of hurried setting of levers and buttons, and the grandest and most brilliant display of the evening bursts into view. In another moment power and light are shut off and a scrambling, shuffling crowd makes for the gates that lead out of this artificial fairyland.



AN IRIDESCENT MOUNTAIN OF SPRAY.



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TOO TIMOROUS TO BATHE.

THE TROLLEY-PARK.

BY DAY ALLEN WILLEY.

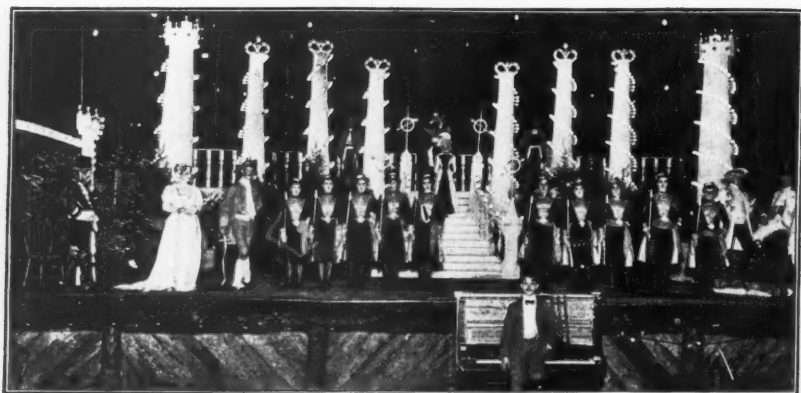
THE expression, "trolley-park," may not as yet have come into common use, but no explanation of its meaning is necessary. The oldest of the trolley-parks has been in existence but a few years, yet to-day these resorts are to be found in the outskirts of nearly every city in the land. The fact is that the street and suburban railway companies, realizing the profit arising by catering to

the pleasure of the masses, have entered into the amusement field on an extensive scale. These breathing-spots are not confined to the cities, but are becoming popular as centers of recreation for clusters of small communities which may be linked by the electric current.

Originally, few, perhaps none, of the promoters of the trolley-route thought of



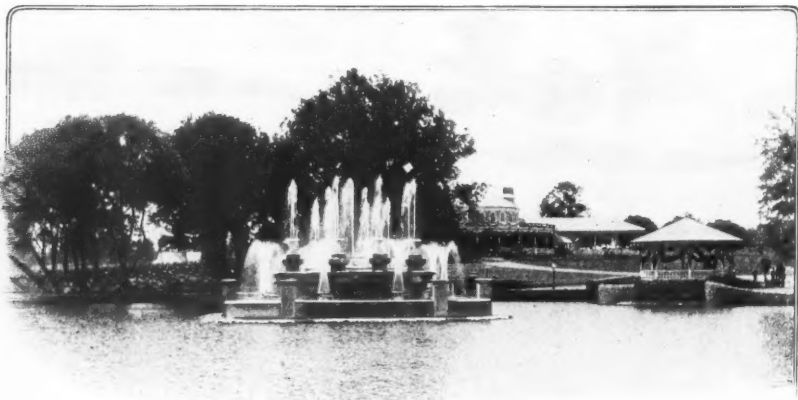
A MAY-DAY PROCESSION.



AN OPEN-AIR PRODUCTION.

it as a means of carrying the pleasure-seeker except to public parks. The main incentive was the business to be secured by transferring the throngs of toilers to and from store, office and factory, and forming a means of communication between the different parts of the city. With the advent of the electric car came the opportunity to build homes amid more natural surroundings. Townfolk became more appreciative of the charms of the country, but trolley-riding for enjoyment, which has become a summer habit in the larger centers of population, was not thought of a decade ago. The companies were quick to note the increase in their revenues from this unexpected source, and naturally encouraged it by giving transfer-tickets from one route

to another and allowing children to ride free or at half-price. As a result, people of all classes availed themselves of the opportunity to get a breath of fresh air and pass the long evenings enjoying the "trolley-breeze," for a rapidly whizzing trolley-car can stir a breeze in the stillest night of midsummer. The need of some place where one could alight and thus vary the monotony of the ride, led to the inception of the park scheme. From the few acres of grove, or possibly the open field with a tree here and there, some rough benches, and a shed or so for protection from the weather, these pleasure-grounds have been developed into resorts some of which are far more attractive than the public parks of the cities where they are located. On a



A COOL SPOT.



Photograph by Byron.

"ALL ABOARD."

holiday one may see more than fifty thousand people gathered in some of the more extensive trolley-parks owned by companies in Philadelphia, Detroit, Minneapolis, Baltimore, and other centers of population, listening to the band-concerts, watching or taking part in the ball-games, boating on the lake and river, strolling along the shady walks, having a family picnic under the trees or enjoying the summer opera. Except for the nickel, dime or quarter which admits to the concert, rents the boat, or provides some other special amusement, the park is free to all, the company obtaining its reward in the fares which it collects. These parks, combining natural and artificial diversions, have become the Mecca on holidays and Sundays not only of what we are pleased to term the working classes but of the "middle millions"—especially those parks where no intoxicating beverages are sold and where other conditions are designed to encourage the patronage of the family.

The inventive genius has made a study of diversions for the trolley-park, which perhaps represents a greater variety of popular amusements than any other resort. He has constructed a miniature railway over which a pigmy locomotive makes regular trips drawing the "Overland Limited" with its

dozen carloads of pleasure-seekers. The merry-go-round, with its gaily decorated horses and lions and dragons swinging around the circle to the music of the orchestra, is another magnet of enjoyment for big as well as little folk, and the ludicrous efforts to spear the gold ring afford much merriment to all. Next to this may be the "aquarama," where you pay your dime to drift with the current along the mysterious river, passing an ancient castle with its



A CHILDREN'S FESTIVAL AT A TROLLEY-PARK.



MAY-DAY, THE YOUNG PEOPLE'S DELIGHT.

frowning battlements, plunging into darkness as your craft goes through what seems to be a tunnel in the mountain-side. Then appears a vista of field and forest: next you may float through a desert of the Orient, on this wonderful tour. The "Railway to the Moon" takes you on another novel journey. The force of gravity is employed in the

"up-and-down-hill" line. Climbing to the top of a stairway, fifty feet or so, you enter a car which rushes down the incline with such speed that it ascends another elevation by its momentum. Descending this, it comes to the end of the road with sufficient speed to turn and run back to the foot of the stairway on the level track. The latest idea

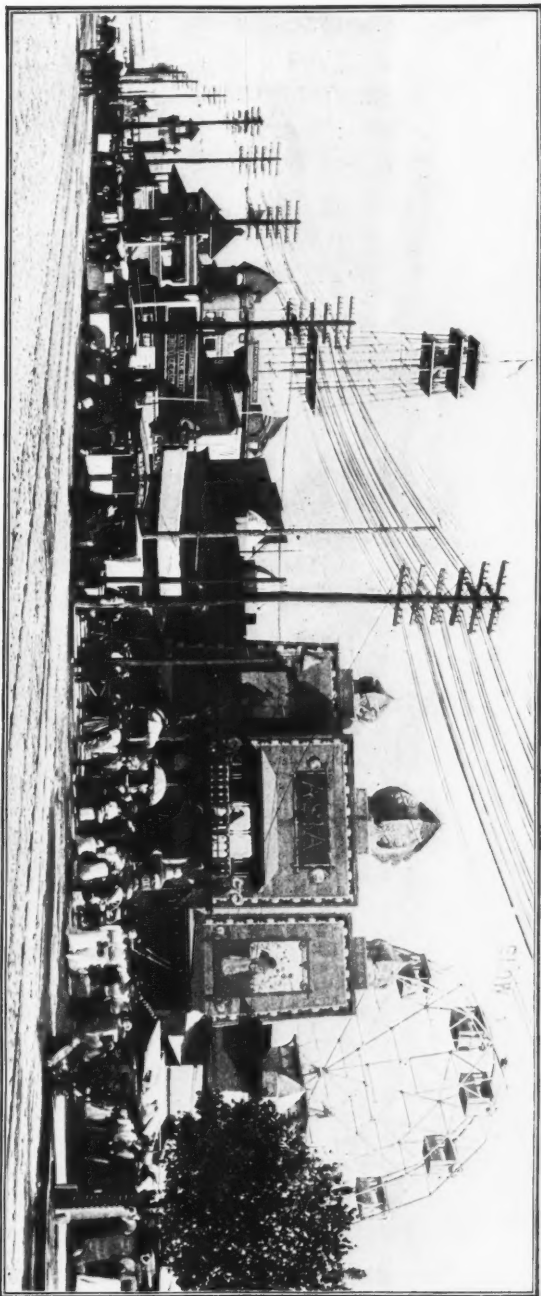


A HOST OF HAPPY BATHERS.

in the up-and-down railroad, however, is the "loop the loop," as it is popularly termed. The car moves along by means of small rollers on wheels sliding inside a grooved rail and runs down a long incline with such speed that it makes a complete circle or turn in the air, the motion being so rapid that centrifugal force keeps the occupants from falling out, though they are strapped to their seats as an additional safeguard. From Canada has come the thought of the water toboggan; but in lieu of the chute glistening with ice, an inclined platform forms the slide down which the boat with its crew rushes into the water with such force that for the moment the merry-makers are hidden in a sheet of spray.

When the family is weary of these amusements, there is plenty left to do. The boys can find a ball-game to watch or can get up "one-old-cat" with their companions, or exchange their pennies for the privilege of hurling a ball at the shining face of a negro, who usually manages to duck just in time to avoid disaster, but not too easily to destroy the hope of nailing him next time. And it is wonderful with what savage zest the small boy will take aim until his last penny has been handed across the board. Then he stands around hoping that some professional pitcher of a base-ball

A TYPICAL TROLLEY-PARK MIDWAY.





Copyright, 1894, J. S. Johnston. THE CENTRAL PARK TERRACE IN SUMMER.

team will come up presently and get his money's worth.

Meanwhile the rest of the family spreads luncheon under the trees or embarks on a swan-boat or a barge, and pleasantly idles away the time until the lengthening shadows on the lawns and lakes make it advisable to gather the clans preparatory to departure. In little groups they bustle out to the open cars and a quick ride through the country into the town or city completes the holiday. At every corner the tired pleasure-seekers wend their way toward home.

Of all the large trolley-parks, Willow

Grove, in Philadelphia, is probably the most spacious yet laid out, though with the rapidly increasing number of such resorts no one can tell how long it will hold supremacy. It not only contains many of the amusements described, but has a pavilion large enough to seat ten thousand people who listen to the music of such organizations as Sousa's, Damrosch's and Innes' bands, which are engaged by the month and paid by the railroad company.

One of the most interesting of the New England parks is known as Whalom, situated on the lake of that name in Massachusetts. It is a recreation-spot for the cities of Worcester and Fitchburg, and several smaller places on the trolley-line. An ornamental depot was built at the railroad terminus, as well as a band pavilion and restaurant. The grounds lent themselves naturally to the art of the landscape-gardener, but it was wisely determined not to lay out anything so fine and elaborate as to necessitate "Keep Off the Grass" and "Do Not Touch" signs, so the crowds roam at will over the lawns and through the groves. The lake, a beautiful sheet of water, has an excellent beach for bathing, and is also used for boating and sailing, while the zoo on its shores contains deer,



Photograph by Byron.

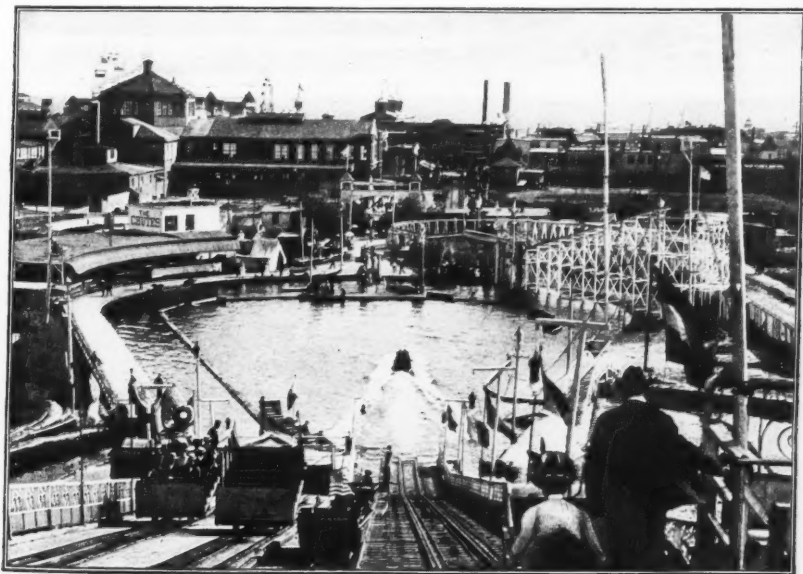
A GOAT-WAGON.



A FLORAL CHARIOT.

moose, elk, and other forest denizens. The Whalom Theater, perhaps the most notable amusement feature, was constructed in one of the principal groves. In it three thousand persons can enjoy the opera per-

formances given nightly by companies of thirty to fifty people. All the scenery and stage-effects required for such productions as "La Grande Duchesse," "Said Pasha" and "Maritana" are introduced,



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SHOOTING THE CHUTES AT CONEY ISLAND.



LOOPING THE LOOP.

the stage being fully fifty feet in depth. The rear and sides of the theater are open so that the woodland at its back can be utilized for forest scenes if desired. The building is illuminated with four thousand incandescent lamps. Although the theater cost thirty thousand dollars and the expense of maintaining it averages five hundred dollars weekly, the railroad company some-

times closes the season with five thousand dollars' profit, yet the highest price for a reserved seat is but ten cents. The popularity of the place is shown by these statistics. It is an interesting fact, however, that the fares collected on the railway during the park season amount to thirty-five thousand dollars more than during the spring, autumn or winter.



Copyright, 1899, by Geo. F. Hall.

A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF CONEY ISLAND IN WINTER.



THE announcement that an opposition paper was to be started in Westerly naturally disturbed Jonas Bristow, the editor and proprietor of the Westerly "Morning Republican." He freely admitted that he did not fully represent the entire population of the town, but he could not see how there was room for another daily publication. In politics he was precisely what the name of his paper indicated—a Republican "from the ground up," as he expressed it. He always had been a Republican and he always would be one. But it wasn't necessary for his Democratic subscribers to read the political news and comments; they could confine their attention to the other local and telegraphic news, and the literary features. So long as he had a clear field, he was independent: and independence breeds arrogance. He became so uncompromisingly aggressive that a few prominent Democrats quite naturally decided to start another paper.

"That means," said Editor Bristow to himself, when he heard the news, "that neither paper will pay, and in time one of them must fail."

Like many another man, Editor Bristow felt that he owed allegiance to himself and his family first. It was all right to be a faithful party man, but it would be fool-

ish to starve for the party, especially when no benefit would follow such a course. In consequence it was necessary to head off the rival sheet, even if this called for concessions.

"Don't you see," he said to Marshall Perkins, one of the leading spirits in the new enterprise, "that it will be a waste of money?"

"No," was the reply, "I do not."

"Two daily papers cannot possibly pay in this town," urged Editor Bristow. "There are not enough Democrats to support a paper, and there are not enough Republicans to support a paper. I have done fairly well because they all must come to me for the news. If you take away the Democrats, I admit that I shall lose; if I hold the Republicans, I know that you will lose."

"It is worth something to us to be represented in this locality," answered Mr. Perkins; "it is also worth something to the Democratic party, in view of the fact that an important campaign is approaching, and we have the promise of financial assistance from the Democratic county and state central committees. I may truthfully say that we shall fill a long-felt want."

"You will fill it with money," retorted Editor Bristow, with the wisdom born of

experience. "Now, I stand ready to print all letters to the editor in my correspondence column. Thus you can present your views to the voters at any time and on any proposition. Won't that answer your purpose?"

"It will not," asserted Mr. Perkins. "We must have editorial representation in this community. But I'll tell you what we will do. We are not interested in having a Republican paper here, so, instead of starting another sheet and driving you out of business, we will buy your paper and change its policy."

"Never!" cried Editor Bristow. "Why, I'd die of ennui if I got out of the business."

"Well, it won't be ennui that will kill you if you stay in it," said Mr. Perkins.

The more Editor Bristow thought of the matter, the darker the future seemed to him. While he had the advantage of a good start, he had not a sufficient supply of financial ammunition for a long campaign, and in the end it seemed certain he would lose. Under the circumstances he was prepared to make any reasonable concession, so he now made the proposition that showed how great was his allegiance to himself and his family.

"If you will abandon this project," he said, "you may have one signed editorial in my paper every day, and I will give it a prominent place on the editorial page."

"But we don't want a signed editorial," protested Mr. Perkins. "That would be little better than a letter to the editor; it would show on its face that it did not express the views of the paper, but only those of some individual. We want an editorial page of our own."

For several minutes Editor Bristow struggled with the situation in silence.

"I will sell you an editorial page of your own," he said at last. "I will sell you one entire page, on which you may say what you like."

"No," returned Mr. Perkins; "that would be merely a purchase of advertising space, and would help to make a Republican paper more profitable. Now, if we could only divide up the paper in some way——"

"By George! I'll do it," broke in Editor Bristow. "I'll sell you half of the

paper, and you can run your half and I'll run mine. We'll share the expenses and divide the profits, and each can say what he likes in his half."

This astonishing proposal staggered Mr. Perkins, but he finally took the matter under advisement. At first it seemed impracticable, but further conferences in which other interested parties took part gradually disposed of all the difficulties. Each was to have one page under his absolute control, and aside from that the paper was to be run jointly, all political news that was not reserved for the editorial pages being cut down to a bare, impartial statement of fact. The name, of course, was to be changed. The "Morning Republican" was objectionable to Mr. Perkins, and Editor Bristow would not listen to the proposal that it be made the "Morning Democrat." It was suggested that it might be called the "Republican and Democrat," but that was rather unwieldy, and besides each wanted his part of the name first.

"Naturally," said Editor Bristow, "the Republican always leads in this world."

"The Democrat," retorted Mr. Perkins, "very properly insists upon being in the van."

"The moving-van," remarked Editor Bristow, sarcastically.

At one time it was thought the problem might be solved by the use of a bracket, like this:—

The "Morning { Republican."
 { Democrat."

But neither would consent to have his name beneath the other, each claiming that his party ought always to be on top. Then it was that some one humorously suggested that the paper should be called the "Daily Twins," and this was finally accepted as a compromise. In truth, it seemed to be the only name that answered all the requirements.

The dual publication began life auspiciously. The very novelty of the plan commended it, and the paper took high rank as a curiosity. Both its circulation and its advertising patronage increased. True, Editor Bristow, who was a large man, became known as "the big twin," and Editor Perkins, who was a small man, was referred to as "the little twin," but they treated this attempt at humor with the

scorn it deserved. They were content as long as the paper prospered and each had opportunity to say what he pleased. The daily conference over the treatment of routine news was amicable. They even joked each other good-naturedly about their respective editorial utterances. But on the day of the great Republican mass-meeting there was trouble. Two distinguished speakers were to be present, and Editor Bristow casually remarked that "as straight news-matter the meeting ought to be worth from two to three columns."

"Two or three columns for a couple of professional spellbinders!" exclaimed Editor Perkins. "Absurd! The whole thing isn't worth over two to three hundred words."

"You're blinded by political prejudice," retorted Editor Bristow. "It's a great occasion, and any one but a harebrained lunatic would appreciate the business importance of giving plenty of space to it."

Editor Bristow claimed one of the speakers as a personal friend, and the reference to him as a spellbinder was not pleasing. Hence the rather warm retort. At the same time, it will be readily understood that no one likes to be called "a hare-brained lunatic."

"If you want to give a political farce more than three hundred words," said Editor Perkins, "you'll have to do it on your own page."

Thus it happened that there were two accounts of the rally. One was a glowing description, and the other was a sarcastic paragraph; one estimated the crowd at two thousand five hundred and the other at twenty-five people; one gave a laudatory synopsis of the speeches made, and the other ended with this statement: "A local would-be orator of the name of Bristow also spoke as the few people present were departing." Somehow this seemed to make the existing relations even more strained, and the daily conferences became very brief and formal. Editor Bristow waited for Editor Perkins to ask for space for the Democratic meeting that followed a week later, but the latter was too wise to make any such request. So Editor Bristow had to be content with making this announcement in bold-faced type on his editorial page the day after:—

"There was an attempt to have a Democratic rally at McDougal's Hall last night. Ten or fifteen people were present and enjoyed themselves guying the speakers. A local character known as Perkins would have spoken if he could have induced any one to wait to hear him."

He put this in the column of his page that was nearest the Perkins page, and it contrasted with the four-column account that Editor Perkins gave the meeting in a really startling way. It also put an end to the daily conferences. After that the young man who acted as local editor and general hustler conferred with each separately, and then did the best he could. The two editors worked in the same room, but they did not speak, and in time there came to be a tacit understanding that Perkins should have the office in the morning and Bristow in the afternoon. In the evening both dropped in for the final revision of proofs, but any comments they had to make were made to the local editor. Each ignored the presence of the other. Thus one evening Editor Bristow happened upon a proof of a half-column account of a reception given by Mrs. Perkins. Editor Perkins was present, but Editor Bristow addressed his remarks to the local editor.

"What's this, Mr. Gifford?" he exclaimed. "Do you think we're running a society journal? What do you suppose the readers care about inconsequential pink teas? The space is all needed for real news."

Editor Perkins did not even look up during these remarks, but a few minutes later he called out, "By the way, Gifford, you'd better put that reception on my editorial page."

As if to make matters still more complicated, the local administration was Democratic and the state administration was Republican. If Editor Perkins lauded the one, it was attacked in the same issue by Editor Bristow; while the reverse happened when any state Republican measure came up for discussion. Each nullified the work of the other, and neither accomplished anything, although the paper prospered. It was such a unique publication that it commanded attention. Still, it was evident that they could not go on in this

way forever, and Editor Bristow was the first to make overtures of peace.

"Perkins," he said, addressing the other directly one day, "we might at least have a little harmony in minor matters."

"We might," admitted Editor Perkins.

"The street in front of my house needs repairing badly," went on Editor Bristow, "and if you will keep quiet about it, I am sure I can get the city to do it. All I want is a column on the first page. I don't care so much about it myself, but my wife has set her heart on it, and you know how it is when a woman wants anything. There's no peace at home."

"Yes, I know how it is," returned Editor Perkins coldly. "My wife's heart was set on having a half-column account of her reception on the first page, but she didn't get it."

"There'll be the devil to pay if I fail in this," urged Editor Bristow.

"There was the devil to pay when I failed in the other," answered Perkins.

So the street was not repaired, and the editors of the "Daily Twins" continued to ignore each other personally and thwart each other in every other way. Editor Perkins became very friendly with the Mayor, and thereupon Editor Bristow overlooked no opportunity to assail the Mayor. He criticized his every action, accused him of being under the thumb of Editor Perkins, and strongly intimated that there was an alliance between them for some sinister purpose. In consequence, the Mayor, to prove his strength of character, had to turn down every measure in which Editor Perkins was interested.

"If you muzzle that other twin," said the Mayor bitterly, "I will be glad to do whatever I can for you. As matters are now, one can't even look at you without getting into trouble. People are beginning to think that you and I are trying to be autocrats, and they resent it."

"But I can't muzzle him," returned Editor Perkins plaintively. "He won't be muzzled. How can you muzzle a man who is trying to muzzle you, when each of you have just half the muzzle? If he'd only get sick for a week or so, I'd fix things while he was laid up, but he has distressingly good health. It's outrageous that he should be so well."

Meanwhile, Editor Bristow was having his own troubles with the state administration. He had decided that a good berth at the Capitol would give him a much-needed rest and relief, but his application was returned with a few editorial extracts from the Perkins page pinned to it. They didn't understand the situation at the Capitol, and everything that appeared was duly credited to him.

"You're the editor, aren't you?" said the Governor, when Bristow went to see him, having "made up" his page for a day or so ahead.

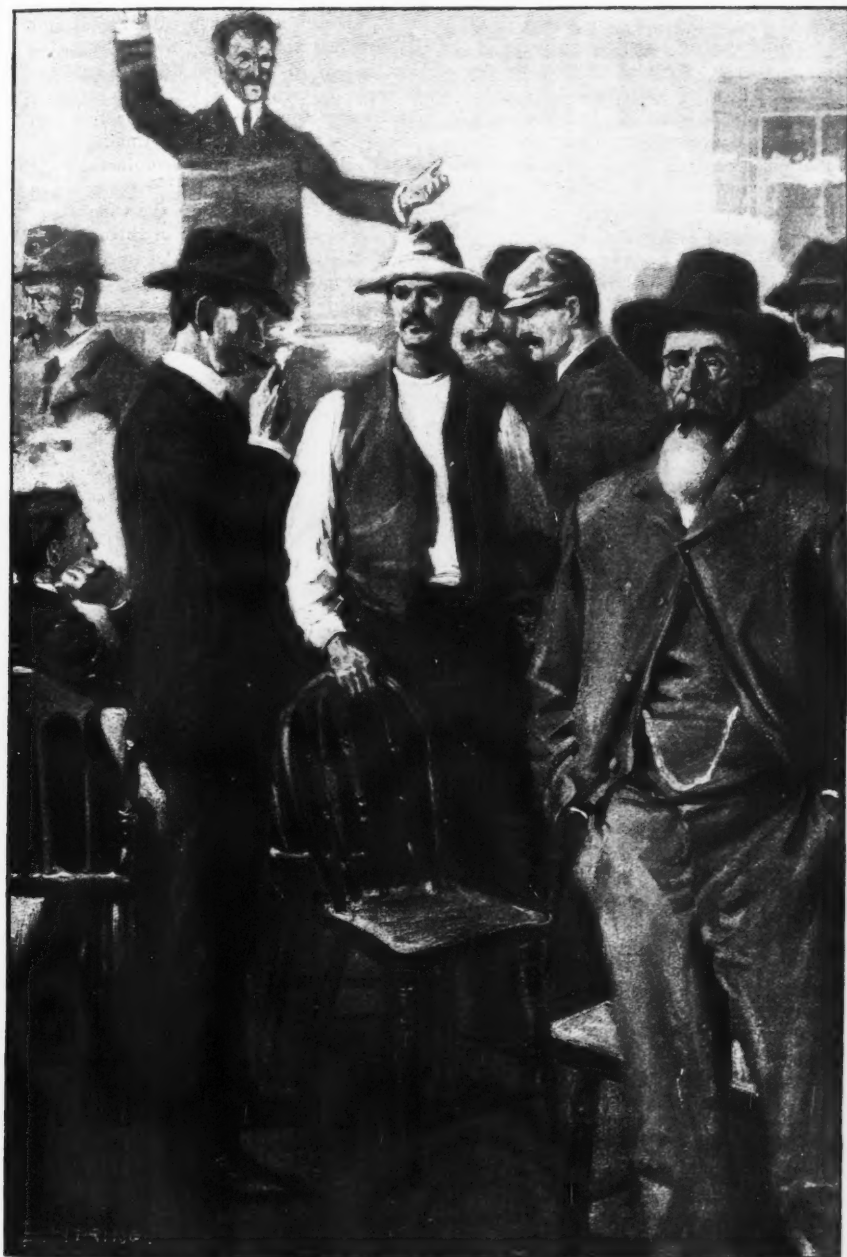
"Ye-es," admitted Editor Bristow, for he found himself in a tight place. If he was not the editor, he had no claim on the state administration.

"Well, you ought to be ashamed to ask any favors from me after your paper has called me a lump of arrogance and a narrow-minded egotist and has condemned every one of our party measures," asserted the Governor. "You don't know your own mind; you say diametrically opposite things in a single issue. I've heard of men who tried to face two ways at once, but you beat them all. I have seen only two copies of your paper recently, but it's the most amazing sheet that ever came under my eye."

Editor Bristow tried to explain, but the Governor only smiled at the absurdity of his tale and intimated that he was not an overcredulous mortal. Then Editor Bristow returned home, cut out his editorial page and sent it to the Governor to show that he was a faithful and aggressive party man. The Governor's private secretary sent it back with extracts from the Perkins page pinned to it, and added the statement that "the Governor desires me to say that he thinks more highly of an aggressive opponent than he does of a political trimmer."

Editor Bristow thereupon appealed to some of the Republican legislators to straighten the matter out, but they told him they could do nothing.

"An editor," said one of them, "is known politically by his paper, and you seem to be the most contrary and conflicting character that ever tried to break into office. Doctor Jekyll and Mr. Hyde could have learned a lot from you, for you're the



Drawn by E. Hering.

"A LOCAL WOULD-BE ORATOR OF THE NAME OF BRISTOW ALSO SPOKE."

only man I ever knew who could be wholly and entirely on both sides of a fence at the same time, who could be two people at the same identical moment. You're a greater freak than the two-headed calf, for even that can't graze in two different pastures."

Editor Bristow overlooked this insulting comparison, and pleadingly called attention to a certain editorial eulogy of the legislator.

"Yes," was the reply; "that's just what riles me. You cut that out and sent it to me, and on the strength of it I ordered twenty copies of your paper sent to various people in order that they might see that editorial appreciation of my work. But, thunder and guns! I learned later that on the very next page I was accused of voting for boodle measures and being a trickster and a friend of the corporations. I'm still trying to explain the matter to my constituents, and I thank heaven I don't live in your district, where I'd have to have dealings with you all the time."

In desperation Editor Bristow produced his contract with Editor Perkins, and succeeded finally in convincing the legislator that he was an unfortunate and a much-misunderstood man. "Do you suppose," he asked, "it would do any good to show the Governor this contract?"

"Not a bit," answered the legislator. "I happen to know that the Governor was prepared to do the right thing by you as a Republican editor, but as an editor who doesn't control his own paper you are worse than nobody. Even the contract looks fishy. When you can rehabilitate yourself by showing a paper that is all Republican, you can have what you're after, and not before. I know how the Governor feels about it."

Editor Bristow was discouraged, and Editor Perkins was discouraged. The one was at outs with the Governor, and the other with the Mayor, and the only satisfaction in life for either was in making the other's position more unbearable. Each had offered to buy the other out, but both wanted the paper, for both realized that a new publication would have a hard time getting started, even if it did finally succeed in forcing the other from the field. But Editor Bristow was weakening. Perkins

had the backing of men with money and Bristow had not.

"I'll tell you what I'll do," said Editor Bristow at last. "If you will give me absolute control for one week, I'll sell to you at the expiration of that time."

"Well, I guess not," replied Editor Perkins. "You'd ruin the paper in a week, and I'd have to buy the wreck."

"Then let me have it for three days," urged Editor Bristow.

"It would take me three months to repair the damage you'd do," retorted Editor Perkins. "Now, if one day would suit you, I might think of it. I could even up on the following day for anything you might say, and no serious harm would be done."

"I'll think it over," said Editor Bristow; and as a result of his thoughts he wrote to his legislative friend. In reply he received word that the Governor had been disposed to give him the appointment at first, that the papers had been made out, and that the signature had been withheld only when attention had been called to certain scurrilous articles that had been published. "When you can produce a paper that shows you have regained your senses," the letter concluded, "I have the Governor's assurance that your commission will be signed. He must have this evidence that your heart is right."

"Perkins," said Editor Bristow, after he had read the letter, "let me have the paper one day, and then I'll sell to you."

"Agreed!" cried Editor Perkins, "but just remember that, for whatever you say in that issue, I shall come back at you the next day and the next and the next, for all time."

That one issue is still talked of in West-erly. It was warm—in fact, sultry. Editor Bristow excoriated the Mayor and the Council, and paid his respects to Editor Perkins. It was practically all politics, and no Democrat escaped. The only break in the vitriolic review of the shortcomings of Democracy was where a few columns were given to praise of the state administration and the advocacy of the Governor's pet measures before the legislature. But this really was a mere side-issue when compared with the assaults upon everything Democratic in the city, county, state

and nation. Editor Perkins just glanced at his paper and then forgot his breakfast in his hurry to get to the office. At that, he found others before him. They wanted to see Editor Bristow, and they wanted to see him the worst kind of way; but Editor Bristow was not there. In fact, he was not in the city; he had put the first paper from the press in his pocket and started for the state Capitol.

"Never mind," said Editor Perkins grimly. "I'll warm him up tomorrow. I've bought this paper; it's all mine now, and if he's looking for any favors anywhere I'll queer him. I'll make this town too hot to hold him."

He sat down at his desk and began to write.

From time to time he looked up and read what he had written to the excited Democratic audience that lingered in the room.

"Will that fix him, do you think?" he would ask occasionally, or, "If he has

political aspirations, I guess that will hurt some," and the auditors would solemnly nod and urge the writer to "make it strong."

The "Daily Twins" ceased to exist with that issue, for the paper that appeared the

next morning was the Westerly "Morning Democrat." It had various complimentary things to say about the former editor, but all that had been written did not appear. After a certain Associated Press despatch had been received, Editor Perkins had sighed and then had wearily inquired, "What's the use?" and the audience had replied regretfully, "No use."

The despatch in question related to gubernatorial

appointments, and the first one was:

"Jonas Bristow, Railroad Commissioner."

Editor Perkins also made some other remarks when he asked, "What's the use?" but it is not necessary to repeat them here.



Drawn by E. Hering.

"YOU'RE A GREATER FREAK THAN THE TWO-HEADED CALF."





MUCH has been written and much is being written and much is likely to be written about domestic relations and the problems of family life. There seems to be as great difference of opinion as there is variety of experience, and theories and conditions are apparently quite beyond harmony or reconciliation. The chief difficulties seem to exist in connection with money matters, revenues and expenditures, the distribution of the one and the direction of the other. Heartburnings and life-long estrangement between husband and wife, and parent and child, seem to form one extreme, and sullen acquiescence and constant nagging and irritation are the least uncomfortable and the least harmful results.

I have a friend who thinks he has "found a way." His experiment and his experience are unique, to say the least. After much solicitation, and with many misgivings on his part, he has opened his heart and his account-books to me, and has granted me permission to tell his story for

him. After you have read this story, you will understand why I say that he has also secured the concurrence of his wife.

Let me premise briefly that he is not yet sixty years of age, that his good wife and himself make their home in a city of the middle West, that he has a daughter married and living some six hundred miles still farther West, and that he has a son (younger) still unmarried, in business somewhat nearer the father. For the sake of brevity, and because in this sketch he must necessarily remain an unknown quantity, let my friend be designated as X. When X was married, his salary was one thousand dollars a year. His wife had been a school-teacher for three years, and had been practically self-supporting for perhaps twice that time. X was in his twenty-ninth year, his wife was three years his junior. Both, therefore, complied with the wise suggestion that at marriage a man shall be nearer thirty than twenty-five, and a woman nearer twenty-five than thirty.

The two entered into actual partnership at once. X was made treasurer of the company (unlimited!) and his wife became the accountant. It was not thought necessary to elect a president, the affairs of the concern being conducted by an advisory board—of two! They opened a set of account-books which, with two intermissions to be noted hereafter, the accountant has carried to this day. The first ledger accounts were salary, savings, family expenses, and a personal account for each—five accounts in all. Of the eighty-three dollars and thirty-three cents monthly salary, twenty dollars went for the rent of a very comfortable five-room cottage, and twenty dollars went into the savings-bank. The remaining forty-three dollars and thirty-three cents was used, first, to meet all necessary expenditures for their strictly common subsistence, welfare and enjoyment. They kept no maid, and were the happier for their freedom from this encumbrance; and they lived in a frugal way. The old account-book shows that there was about twenty dollars each month—not always this—to be divided equally between the two personal accounts. Out of the ten dollars per month each must meet the cost of clothing, traveling expenses, subscriptions to church and charity and all other forms of benevolence, gifts to each other or to friends, and other purely personal expenditures. There was a distinct understanding that neither was ever to go into debt without the consent of the other, that neither was to borrow of the other, that neither was ever to question the other as to the purely personal accounts and expenditures, that all accounts were to be settled promptly upon the receipt of each month's salary, that they were to deny themselves much in order that the savings deposit might be regularly made and without diminution, and that the savings-bank was not to be drawn upon except to meet a serious emergency, such as a prolonged illness or the death of either. It may be interesting to note that upon his wife's suggestion X took out a life-policy for two thousand dollars, or the equivalent of two years' salary; and that since she was the beneficiary the premiums were charged to her personal account.

The general principles underlying this agreement may be seen at a glance. The

three most important, of course, are the practical and necessarily continued expression of entire confidence each in the other; the systematic and accurate monthly accounting by which both know in detail, every thirty days, the exact financial status of the "firm"; and the absolute freedom of each from interference by the other in purely personal expenditures. This means, not that either was in absolute ignorance as to these expenditures, but that all information came voluntarily if at all, that advice was not given unless it was asked, and that unfriendly criticism and censure in these matters was practically unknown. Other most helpful, almost saving, conditions are keeping expenditures within revenue, the regular monthly deposit for emergencies, and the restriction which publicity placed upon foolish waste of resources by either. A man with twenty dollars in his pocket after all necessary expenses are paid will be more than twice as careless in small matters, the "incidental" account, as he will be if he has only ten dollars.

These obligations were not met without distinct self-restraint and some very positive self-sacrifice. Fortunately, all this was quite evenly distributed. With a thousand dollars a year, X as a single man had had a much larger margin for his personal enjoyment and could and did live in a much larger way than was possible after his marriage. On the other hand, his wife had earned almost as much as had he—quite as much, demands upon her purse considered; and had found it easy to experience much that was restful and helpful and inspiring which was necessarily given up when she withdrew from the position of a wage-earner. But both took up cheerfully the task of doubling joy and halving sorrow by sharing each, and both made a determined effort to secure their full share of the high thinking which might be found along with the plain living.

At the outset, one of the hardest conditions for X was the necessary lessening of the amount which he could spend for his church, for benevolence, and with and for his friends. His was a generous spirit, and while single he had given to the limit of his resources: to be entirely frank, when the all too short wedding journey was ended he had less than two hundred

dollars with which to meet his new responsibilities.

As the first few months of his married life sped by, neither his church nor his friends could quite understand why he became so short-handed. His pastor finally had quite a serious talk with him about this; and learning the condition of affairs, admonished him that it was his duty as the head of the family to give for the family, and advised that he determine what this subscription ought to be and then charge the same to the family expense account. Fortunately, X had both the good sense to see the fallacy in this reasoning and the manliness to stand by his agreement and by his wife. He declared that membership in the church and contribution to its work and maintenance, and all forms of benevolence, were peculiarly personal in their nature; and that in these matters it was preeminently proper that his wife act for herself. His pastor did not accept this decision without a final struggle; and preached most earnestly the following Sunday upon the duty of wives to be subordinate to their husbands in such matters. But when three ladies called upon him Monday morning and asked for letters of dismissal to other congregations because his sermon had convinced them that they ought to go to the churches of their husbands' choice rather than to their own, he at once said that that was an entirely different matter—and the whole subject was rather incontinently dropped.

It required much moral courage on the part of X to say to his friends that he was insistently laying by something each month, and that he was sharing his net income with his wife. This statement of unusual conditions subjected him to no little good-humored banter, and to some remarks about "henpecked husbands" which were not always so good-humored or so easily borne. He himself doubts if he could have held on an even keel through this storm, had it not been for his wife's courage and good sense.

One rather unusual condition was unquestionably in favor of the success of this peculiar venture. Neither of them had a near relative within two hundred miles of their home. They were therefore entirely free from that kindly interference and that

timely and lively sympathy which are so generally destructive of domestic tranquillity. They worked out their own problems and fought out their own battles, as God intended men and women to do.

As his salary increased, they agreed upon a proportional increase in the savings fund and in family expenses. They subscribed for more periodicals, they bought more books, they went oftener to the theater, they increased their subscriptions to the church, and finally they began to take little summer trips to the mountains or to the lake region. But the net earnings were always divided immediately after pay-day; and they carefully and with increasing ease carried out all the other details of their original agreement.

Their daughter was born toward the close of the second year of their married life. Until her sixteenth year, she was carried as part of the family expense; although after her twelfth birthday each of her parents had contributed toward a small sum for her pin-money. But on her sixteenth birthday she was taken into the firm, and was made the accountant, her mother gladly retiring in her favor. The only change then made was that a personal account was opened with her, and that the net earnings were divided into three equal parts. As to her third, she was given absolute freedom of action; always with suggestion and advice, gladly received because she had already learned to count her father and her mother as more than parents, as her truest friends. But she was asked to determine her own personal expenses, to buy her own clothing, to select her own benevolences, and in all things not only to prepare for life but actually to begin life. By this time her father's salary had been doubled, and the net monthly dividend averaged about sixty dollars, or twenty dollars each. It will be noted that when the daughter became partner, the personal income of each parent was lessened by just one-third; but they made the sacrifice gladly, for the sake of the girl.

The son is three years younger than the daughter. The family policy made him the fourth partner at sixteen, and it was now the daughter's turn to give up a portion of her income. The son became the accountant, it being determined very

wisely that each child should have the benefit of this experience. For some time he had looked forward eagerly to this promotion. There can be no doubt that this anticipation, his desire to be worthy of such a trust, and the fact that the family always counseled together freely and frankly about their financial affairs, had much to do with his quite unusual maturity and sobriety. Soon there came another advance in X's salary, and the monthly dividend to each rose to about the same as that declared before the boy began to share with the others.

The family was fortunately situated in one respect: it was able to give the children an excellent education in the public schools, at very slight expense. These charges were met by the children from their own allowance, after each had been formally admitted to partnership.

At twenty the daughter became restless, and very naturally and properly desired to have some definite and remunerative employment. But her mother's health was not the best, and it was finally determined to make the girl the housekeeper, her dividend to be considered her wages. This work was undertaken with all seriousness, the mother's abdication of authority being final and complete. The result was entirely satisfactory to the whole family, and the girl became a notable housewife. It is not difficult to understand the greater ease and efficiency with which she came into her own kingdom three years later. I imagine that her husband will daily rise and bless the wisdom which prepared for him such a wife. It is worthy of note that the daughter insisted upon paying for her wedding trousseau, and that when she went into her new home she transferred to her personal account in one of the savings-banks in that city nearly eight hundred dollars.

The son remained at home, busy with his studies, till he was nearly twenty-one. Then he found a place in the business world, and began his more independent existence. When he left home, he carried with him about five hundred dollars as his "nest-egg."

To-day X declares that his wife and himself are rich and fast growing richer. The emergency fund, established practi-

cally on their wedding-day, is now something more than eight thousand dollars—carefully invested. In addition to this, his wife has about three thousand dollars of her own accumulated savings. X himself has not so much, for there have come to him, naturally, more demands than have been made upon his wife; but he humorously asserts that he does not need so much, since he has "a rich wife and two well-to-do children to fall back upon" in case of failing health or sudden decrepitude. When I asked him if this cooperative scheme could have been carried out if he had been in business for himself, rather than a salaried man, he asserted that there would have been no difficulty whatever in determining the average income applicable to family and personal accounts; that he would have used this precisely as his salary has been used; and that if the business "ran behind," the emergency fund and the individual savings would have been levied upon precisely as they would have been made tributary to any loss of salary through illness or loss of position.

It is not to be imagined that this scheme has been carried forward from year to year without difference of opinion, but there has been infinitely less friction than that which comes under the more usual conditions, and less than is generally known in ordinary relations of two members of a business firm.

The gains are great, immeasurably so. The wife has experienced all the gratification, the keen pleasure, the blessedness, which come from this daily assurance of her husband's respect and complete confidence. Added to this is the sense of recognition and of independence which is so sweet to every normal woman. Further, she has had an experience which has proved an education, and which left her fully prepared at any moment to face the world in her own behalf if disease or death deprived her of the support of her beloved companion. The children have been given every possible incentive to sane and thoughtful and self-restrained lives. As for X—well, X feels just as a man and a husband and a father and a bread-winner and an American citizen has a right to feel, when he has done that which is right and righteous and wise and just.

CAPTAINS OF INDUSTRY.

PART III.

THE industrial changes which have of late been occurring with such rapidity have the widest possible interest for all classes, from the standpoint of the producer and from that of the consumer. It has, therefore, been determined to present in THE COSMOPOLITAN brief sketches of all the leading Captains of Industry now before the public in connection with the larger interests of production, transportation and finance.

A knowledge of these men, their derivation, their leading characteristics, weaknesses and abilities, will throw much light upon the news of the day in which their names constantly recur. The list of the most prominent includes more than forty names. This number may possibly be increased to sixty or seventy. In all cases it will be the effort of THE COSMOPOLITAN to secure capable treatment by writers having special knowledge, comprehension of the scope of their subject's affairs, and a grasp of the characteristics which have counted for their upbuilding. From twenty to thirty pages of THE COSMOPOLITAN will be devoted each month to this work until the task shall be completed. We believe it will be found that no more interesting series has ever been presented in the pages of this magazine.

In Parts I and II were published studies of J. Pierpont Morgan, Thomas A. Edison, John Wanamaker, Charles H. Cramp, John W. Mackay, Alexander G. Bell, James Gordon Bennett, William R. Hearst, Joseph Pulitzer, Albert A. Pope, Marcus Alonzo Hanna, Claus Spreckels, John D. Rockefeller, James Ben Ali Haggin, George Westinghouse, James J. Hill and Marshall Field.

CHARLES MICHAEL SCHWAB.

BY SAMUEL E. MOFFETT.

TO the great majority of his admiring countrymen, Mr. Charles M. Schwab is known chiefly by the unimportant circumstance that he draws the largest salary in the world. The public has a way of seizing upon trivialities like this and ignoring the solid merits that are a man's real title to fame.

Suppose Mr. Schwab does receive the largest salary in the world—what of it? The essential questions are, Does he earn it? and if so, How? Mr. Schwab does earn it, and moreover, he was earning it for a good many years before the public heard anything about him. When he became presi-

dent of the Carnegie Steel Company, in February, 1897, his salary was fixed at fifty thousand dollars a year, with an interest in the business. When the company was absorbed by the United States Steel Corporation four years later, the value of that interest was estimated at over twenty-eight million dollars. That is equivalent to a salary of seven million dollars a year for the four years. Compared with that, the largest estimates of the figures opposite Mr. Schwab's name on the pay-roll of the steel trust seem modest.

But a few millions more or less are trifles in this age. What thoughtful people want

to know is, not what a man is receiving, but what he has done. This amiable, smooth-faced young man, this locomotive on pneumatic tires, has done much and is likely to do more. He is forty years old now—just the age of President Butler of Columbia, and a little younger than President Roosevelt and the Emperor William. He had what he himself calls the indispensable inheritance of poverty. Educated by the Franciscan brothers at Loretto, Pennsylvania, he began his business career as a grocer's boy for two dollars and fifty cents a week at seventeen, was promoted to driving stakes in the engineering department of the Edgar Thompson Steel Works two months later at a dollar a day, and in six months was a superintendent and took charge of the construction of eight of the nine blast-furnaces now in the plant. In 1887, at the age of twenty-five, he was appointed superintendent of the Homestead works, and reconstructed the entire establishment, making it the largest in the world of its class.

He created the vast and profitable armor-plate branch of the Carnegie industry. On the death of his friend and discoverer, Captain Jones, in 1899, he succeeded him as general superintendent of the Edgar Thompson works. Three years later, the Homestead works were added to his juris-

diction. In February, 1897, at thirty-five, he became head of all the enormous interests of the Carnegie company.

Mr. Schwab distinguished himself at every stage of his career in the Carnegie works. He was always devising some way of doing something more efficiently or more economically than it had ever been done before.

He represents the highest development of the salaried employee. Other men com-

parable with him as generals of industry have soon graduated from the payroll to work for themselves. Rockefeller, Hill, Spreckels, Mills, Stanford, Huntington, Hopkins and Carnegie all began poor but all turned their energies to putting themselves into a position in which everything amassed by their brains would go into their own bank deposits. Schwab alone has been content to remain a glorified wage-earner,

cheerfully putting ten millions into the pockets of his employers for every million retained by himself.

It is as such a wage-earner that he is of such peculiar significance. Technologists may grow enthusiastic over his work in connection with Captain Jones in perfecting the "metal-mixer," by which melted iron instead of cold pig is used in steel-making, and the whole industry is transformed. They may admire the bold



CHARLES MICHAEL SCHWAB.



ingenuity of the devices by which a boy enabled his employers to undertake the manufacture of armor-plate in competition with rivals who had spent years and millions in constructing the gigantic special plant then considered necessary. But the real value of Mr. Schwab's career is in the light it throws upon the possibilities open to those vast wage-earning masses of which he has chosen to remain a member.

It is generally understood that Mr. Schwab does not believe in trade-unions, as usually managed. Plenty of men who have worked their way from poverty to wealth hold similar views. Their standpoint is purely selfish. When they were making two dollars and fifty cents a week, they would have been glad of a union to help them to make more. When they are pocketing hundreds of thousands a year, they see no need for a union to help anybody else. They oppose the union for its merits. Just in so far as it helps the workers, they object to it.

If this were Mr. Schwab's position, it would not be worth notice. But his idea is something very different. His objection to the union policy is that it discourages ability. He wishes to leave the way open for every worker to win, if he can, a success like his own. He sees that possibility in the new organization of industry.

To his mind, the trade-union of the future is the trust. He sees in that the solution of the whole problem of capital and labor, and of the problem of national prosperity as well. His theory was explained by himself some time ago in these words:—

"The larger the output, the smaller, relatively, is the cost of production. This is a trade axiom. It holds good whether the output consists of pins or of locomotives. It is much more economical, proportionately, to run three machines under one roof than it is to run one. It is cheaper to run a dozen than it is to run three, and cheaper still to run a hundred. Therefore, the large plant has an undoubted superiority over the small plant, and this advantage increases almost indefinitely as the process of enlargement continues. . . . The well-managed combination is a direct gain to the state. Any one who doubts this need only consult the foreign newspapers. Everywhere, he will find a cry of industrial alarm leveled, not at the individual American manufacturer, but at the American nation. This is because the combination has done for the

American state what the individual was never able to do—put it in industrial control of the world. . . . The capitalist and the laborer are equal sharers in the advantages the new scheme offers. Capital finds itself more amply protected, and labor finds an easier route to a partnership with capital. To the workingman, the combination offers the most feasible scheme of industrial cooperation ever presented."

Mr. Schwab is a socialist in disguise. He recalls the difficulty a worker found under the old individualistic system in securing a foothold in business for himself. His savings would not buy a factory, or a partnership in one. The exceptional man could save enough to start a little workshop and he could add to his business from day to day until with good luck he had built up a great industry, but the average wage-earner could never hope to be his own employer. Now, a man with any thrift at all can buy a share of stock. A little later he can buy another share. Before he knows it, he is perceptibly a partner in the business that employs him. This Mr. Schwab believes to be the direction in which evolution is going to carry our industrial system. He has given his views a dazzling illustration in his own person. In his case it has been, not merely the purchase of one share at a time out of weekly savings, but the acquisition of blocks of stock as a reward for conspicuous ability. The Carnegie idea has been to give an interest in the business to the ablest brains in the service of the company. That has been also one of the ideas through which young Mr. Harmsworth, of England, has been enabled to pile up a million for every year of his life. If we ever come to the Cooperative Commonwealth, perhaps a statue of Schwab may be found along with the effigies of Rockefeller, Morgan and Carnegie in its Westminster Abbey. These nationalizers and internationalizers of industry are wiping out the competitive system, not only in the United States but in the whole world. For the present, their work has its ugly, selfish side, but they are all toiling, some of them perhaps unconsciously, but some with undoubted appreciation of the meaning of their efforts.





toward the creation of a gigantic industrial organism in which every human atom will be harmoniously related with every other.

Bellamy's ideal was a community the products of whose industry should be equally divided among all its members. Schwab's is a community in which every man can get what he earns and in which earning possibilities are unlimited. Like Napoleon, he would open a career to talent. He would have a basis of well-paid, comfortable labor, but he would have no laboring class. He would have every position in the industrial world open to any man with the capacity to reach it, and he would put no brakes on any man's progress. There would be no speed limit for automobiles on his industrial highway. Thus he would reconcile the aspirations of ambitious workers with the need for the intelligent direction of industry. Instead of having a business policy directed by unsympathetic labor delegates from outside, he would promote the ablest of those laborers and have them direct the business sympathetically from the inside. It would be an interesting plan, even in the head of an impecunious professor. It is especially interesting as the program of a man who controls a business with a capital of one billion five hundred million dollars and a yearly income of over one hundred million.

Of course, in a pupil of Andrew Carnegie, personal generosity goes without saying. A polytechnic school at Homestead, a one-hundred-and-fifty-thousand-dollar church at Loretto, and a philanthropic summer resort on a tract of land just bought on Staten Island, are only the more conspicuous of Mr. Schwab's benefactions. He has not kept count of the thousand-dollar bills, and checks for two or three times a thousand dollars, of which he has allowed himself to be relieved for charities.

Charles M. Schwab is a living refutation of the theory that a driver of workmen must be a hard, unfeeling tyrant. He is bubbling over with sympathy and good humor, but he keeps a huge industrial army on edge by the force of infectious energy and of perfect organization. A hard overseer may make his men afraid to shirk—Mr. Schwab has learned the nobler and more profitable art of encouraging every man to do his best.

DARIUS OGDEN MILLS.

BY SAMUEL E. MOFFETT.

FIFTY-FIVE years ago, a young man of twenty-two named Darius Ogden Mills was approaching the accomplishment of the first stage of his ambition. He had seen as a boy of sixteen that one who expected to get on in the world must have some capital, and for six years he had been trying to save a thousand dollars. At last he had succeeded, and he felt that the road to fortune lay clear before him.

Twenty-six years later, this same young man, now many times a millionaire, retired from the Bank of California, which he had assisted to found and build up into a financial power, ranking in the minds of Pacific Coasters with the United States Sub-treasury. He turned it over to his successor with a capital of five million dollars and an immense surplus. Later the bank failed, and Mills worked for three years without pay, and when he resigned again the bank was once more the financial fortress he had helped to make it in the first place.

This incident is typical. It was not without fitness that the first gift of D. O. Mills to the University of California was an endowment for a chair of philosophy. If he could teach to others as much practical philosophy as he has always exhibited himself, he would be the best occupant of his own chair. Nothing from a railroad accident to a panic in the stock market has

ever been able to ruffle his composure or disturb the even balance of his judgment. He is never hurried, and he has the knack of disposing of his business smoothly, without the cordons of inner and outer guards, passwords and countersigns, with which most capitalists protect their valuable time.

There is a general impression that the modern business world has no use for anybody over forty years old. Mr. Mills at

seventy-six is one of several New Yorkers who furnish a striking refutation of that theory. His grasp of great enterprises is as firm and sure as when he laid the financial corner-stone of the Bank of California nearly forty years ago. In the past three months, he has headed a syndicate to build an important railroad paralleling the Great Northern and Canadian Pacific from the mining dis-



DARIUS OGDEN MILLS.

tricts of eastern Washington to the Pacific Coast. That is a reminiscence of his early days in California, when he used to buy mines and build railroads to develop them.

Mr. Mills was born in Westchester County, New York, in September, 1825. It is hardly necessary to say that he began poor. The successful man who did not is the rare exception. He began to save his first thousand dollars just in time, for by its help he found himself in a position to take advantage of the gold discoveries in California among the



very first of the Argonauts. Before that, he had invested his money in a little bank in Buffalo, but his judgment in selling out of that was vindicated by a profit of forty thousand dollars in his first year in California. He made his money there in mines, supply expeditions, railroad stocks, timber lands and banking, and in ten years was a millionaire. He established a bank in Sacramento which is still flourishing, and in 1864 was one of the founders of the great Bank of California, whose subsequent vicissitudes have been already mentioned. In 1880, after thirty years of success on the Pacific Coast, he came back to New York, where he has lived ever since, although he keeps up his beautiful country home of Millbrae, near San Francisco.

There is nothing less interesting than a mere millionaire, whose thoughts are bounded at all the points of the compass by money. Mr. Mills does not have this limitation. He has a broad range of human interests, philanthropic, scientific and artistic. He was a member of the board of trustees selected by that erratic genius, James Lick, to supervise the distribution of his estate. Lick, it will be remembered, wanted to make his name immortal, but for some time he was in doubt as to the best way of doing it. He thought of building a marble pyramid greater than the Pyramids of Egypt as a monument to himself, but some of his scientific friends dissuaded him by explaining that such a monument might disappear in some future convulsion of nature. He finally settled on the largest telescope in the world, with his own tomb in the pier of masonry supporting it. The Lick bequest procured the telescope and built the observatory, but there was not enough of it to furnish all the needed equipments to match. From time to time some of the deficiencies have been supplied by Mr. Mills. He gave the observatory its great photographic spectroscope, with which the most remarkable spectroscopic work known to science has been accomplished. Last year he furnished the money for equipping and manning a temporary observatory in Chile to make observations in connection with the Lick. One of the instruments supplied for this work was a superb thirty-six-and-one-quarter-inch reflecting telescope.

In New York his most characteristic activity has been the founding of the Mills Hotels. Lord Rowton had shown what could be accomplished in the way of furnishing cheap and respectable lodgings on a self-supporting basis by his Rowton Houses in London. By association with him on the board of directors of a London railway, Mr. Mills became acquainted with this scheme and saw

its possibilities in New York. He has built two monumental ten-story structures—one on the West Side, on Bleecker Street between Thompson and Sullivan, and the other on the East Side, on the corner of Rivington and Chrystie Streets. The first accommodates fifteen hundred and fifty men; the second, half that number. For twenty cents a night—the price of a foul bunk in one of the vile dormitories of the ordinary cheap lodging-houses—a man in one of the Mills Hotels can get a clean separate room with a good bed and a window, the use of comfortable reading-, writing-, recreation- and music-rooms, free baths, and a chance to wash and dry his clothes overnight in a perfectly equipped laundry and drying-room. For fifteen cents or less, he can get a plentiful meal of good food, well cooked and served. As these hotels pay their own way and a fair interest on the investment, there is no reason why they should not be multiplied indefinitely, and the only thing that has kept Mr. Mills from adding to their number hitherto has been the difficulty of finding suitable sites at reasonable prices.

These institutions were not expected to accommodate human derelicts. They were meant for self-supporting, self-respecting men—clerks, reduced professional men, and others to whom economy was an object but who had always been used to something better than tenement surroundings. And such men promptly flowed into them. Everybody remembers that George Francis Train became from the first a permanent resident of Mills Hotel No. 1. Professors and students of sociology on their visits to New York usually make a point of stopping for a time at one of the Mills Hotels, and they do not find the experience a case of slumming either. It is simply a matter of giving an honest return for money honestly paid. The guest at the Mills Hotel can keep his self-respect, knowing that he is not an object of charity, but that he pays for all that is done for him and a little more.

Naturally connected with the subject of model lodging-houses for men, is that of model dwelling-houses for families. Mr. Mills is a director in the City and Suburban Homes Company, whose work has given so much hope to the friends of tenement reform. His philanthropic impulses turn in such a direction as this as naturally as Mr. Carnegie's turn toward libraries. He has built a model tenement-house on his own account back of Mills Hotel No. 1. It accommodates forty families like civilized human beings.

"I believe in helping those who will help themselves," he says. "Then the recipient of a favor,





however small it may be, maintains his self-respect."

In his view, the trouble with most people is, not that they do not earn enough, but that they do not know how to get the value of what they spend. "The most wasteful and extravagant people in the world to-day," he asserts, "are the poor of our American cities." Therefore the kind of philanthropy that appeals to him is that which promotes genuine economy. By that often misunderstood term, it is hardly necessary to say, he does not mean parsimony or privation, but the exact adaptation of means to ends. Economy is consistent with comfort, and even with luxury, but not with waste, and it is waste that Mr. Mills regards with deadly aversion. He has a horror of expenditures that do no good to anybody.

It is well known that people in the tenement districts pay more rent for the space actually occupied than people on Fifth Avenue. A man and his wife have been known to live in a dark closet under a stairway and pay twelve dollars a month for it—a sum for which they could have rented a comfortable flat in Harlem. Such people are not objects of charity, but they are most proper objects for a sensible business philanthropy, based on the principles of common honesty and good will to men. A capitalist equipped with these elementary human qualities can help to transform the conditions of life in any great city by simply making a safe and fairly remunerative investment. This is the sort of thing that appeals to a mind at once kindly and thrifty, like that of Mr. Mills.

Aside from his lodging enterprises, Mr. Mills's chief benefaction in New York has been the foundation of the Training School for Male Nurses near Bellevue. He is always a liberal contributor to fresh-air funds and enterprises of all kinds for the benefit of poor and sick children.

His public spirit is not confined to strictly charitable activities. He is the president of the Botanical Gardens and a trustee of the Metropolitan Museum of Art and the American Museum of Natural History.

Identified with the commercial progress of nearly two-thirds of the last century, Mr. Mills has made a vigorous start on the new one. He is the president of the Niagara Falls Power Company, the greatest producer of power in the world, and the typical enterprise of the coming age. And thus he returns to the scene of his first success to find in the waters that flow past his early home in Buffalo a mine richer than any he once sailed half round the world to seek.

CHARLES FROHMAN.

BY SAMUEL E. MOFFETT.

IN the Empire Theater building, New York, enthroned in the most sumptuous theatrical offices in America, and a hundred times more sedulously guarded against intrusion than the President of the United States, sits a short, roly-poly, round-faced little cherub, smoking incessantly and laying down the law with staccato emphasis to such world-famous dramatic stars and authors as have secured the cherished privilege of approaching his footstool. He says to a *matinée* idol, "Go," and he goeth; and to a leading lady, "Come hither," and she cometh; and to an illustrious Shakespearian interpreter, "Play this just so," and he plays it just so accordingly.

This autocrat is Charles Frohman, formerly of "Jack" Haverly's Minstrels, later the proprietor of a little dramatic agency, for the past dozen years a manager, for the past three or four years a dictator, and at the present moment lord of eleven theaters in New York, of about seventy of the first class throughout the United States, eight in London, and thirteen touring companies in the United Kingdom, besides hundreds of theaters more or less directly controlled through the booking operations of the "syndicate" in the minor cities of America. The dramatic profession of the world has known no such universal ruler since that imperial connoisseur, Nero, dictated the programs of the theaters of Athens, Alexandria, Antioch and Rome. Let us hasten to add that the parallel extends no farther, for Mr. Frohman is as amiable as Nero was the reverse.

The present position of the head of the

theatrical trust illustrates the great truth that success breeds success. Charles Frohman has the first call on the services of every actor in America, with a few rare exceptions. He has the refusal of every domestic play, and incidentally it may be remarked that refusal is what most of those plays get. Every foreign play that comes to this country is offered to Mr. Frohman before any other manager has a chance to look at it. That is a simple matter of business. The foreigner knows that a Froh-

man production means a long step toward success; and that whether the fate of the play be success or failure, whatever payments the contract calls for will be punctually made. For Mr. Frohman has never failed to pay a debt, and that reputation looms large in a profession in which the ghost so often declines to walk by schedule.

A Napoleon in any walk of life must have supreme self-confidence, and that Mr. Frohman has. It is a source of constant wonder to the players in his employ to see this chubby



CHARLES FROHMAN.

little man, totally innocent of education, and contemptuously oblivious of the theory of dramatic art, standing with his short legs spread apart and punctuating finger beating the air, instructing the most accomplished actors and actresses on the stage in the proper methods of reading their lines. And what impresses them still more is the fact that these veterans meekly obey the little manager's directions. They have to. They may think they know more about their business than he does, but they are careful to keep that impression to themselves.



There is no actor and no author to whose authority Frohman feels under obligation to subordinate his own judgment. Perhaps his lack of academic training has been an advantage to him in this respect. His self-confidence has not been sapped by the reverent contemplation of the masters of the past. He can gaze even upon the sun of Shakespeare without blinking.

When Maude Adams was shifted from "The Little Minister" to "Romeo and Juliet," some people thought the transfer rather abrupt, and a trifle daring. Miss Adams felt a little trepidation herself. Not so Mr. Frohman. To him Shakespeare was simply a play-writer like Clyde Fitch, with the advantage that he did not harass the box-office for royalties. When he went to rehearsal one day, he found signs of nervousness pervading the company. "What's the matter?" he asked, in his explosive way. It was Shakespeare, the players replied. Pretty serious affair, you know—great name, great play, traditions of the stage, memories of mighty shades in the minds of the critics, rhythm of blank verse to be observed, and all that.

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Frohman. "Who's Shakespeare? He was just a man. He won't hurt you. I don't see any Shakespeare. Just imagine you're looking at a soldier home from the Cuban war, making love to a giggling school-girl on a balcony. That's all I see, and that's the way I want it played. Dismiss all idea of costume. Be modern."

Mr. Frohman would have liked to put Romeo into golf trousers and Juliet into an automobile coat. He had to let them wear the traditional clothes, but he insisted that they should not be intimidated by their costumes. They were to be twentieth-century people if they did wear thirteenth-century clothes. He had no use for historic atmosphere, and any effort to secure it he regarded as labor wasted.

With such views, it may be imagined that Mr. Frohman has little regard for what impractical people call "art." There is just one kind of true art, in his opinion, and that is the art that draws customers to the box-office. Holding this comfortable creed, he is serenely indifferent to criticism. One day he visited A. M. Palmer, then a power in the theatrical world but entering upon his decline, and found the shaken

magnate at his desk gazing gloomily upon a pile of daily papers. "What's the trouble?" asked Frohman briskly. Mr. Palmer solemnly shook his head. "Everything's gone wrong," he said. "Very unsuccessful season—one failure after another—and the critics have been very severe."

"What have you got there?" the visitor interrupted.

"The daily papers."

"And do you mean to say that you have actually paid money to read unpleasant things about yourself?"

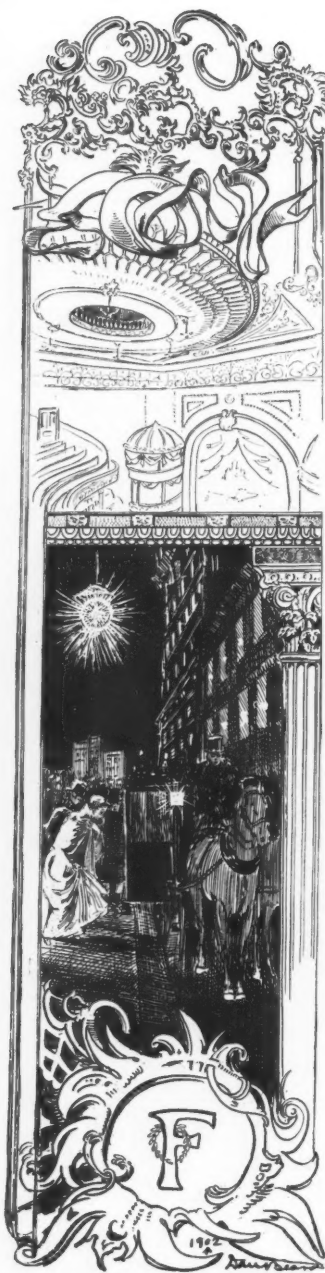
"I never," continued Mr. Frohman when he was relating this incident years afterward, "read an unfavorable comment upon myself. I suppose my employees read the papers. When they find anything pleasant about me, they show it to me. When they find anything disagreeable, they don't bother me with it. Why should they? What good would it do? The only comment that is worth anything is that which speaks through the box-office."

And upon this infallible judgment of the ticket-buying public it is Mr. Frohman's opinion that newspaper criticism exerts very little influence.

Sometimes actors and actresses who have studied their profession as an art and think they know something about it, are inclined to resent the domination of a manager who is frankly color-blind to artistic values and whose standards are all commercial. But the performer who can enlist Mr. Frohman's personal interest is fortunate. There is nothing the manager will not do to promote that performer's fortunes. The work by which he advanced Maude Adams to the place she holds to-day has been the wonder of the dramatic profession.

When it is said that Mr. Frohman's sole test of merit is the box-office, let it not be understood that he is mercenary. He is not a lover of money for its own sake. He knows how to part with it royally. But when money is flowing into the box-office, he knows his production has made a hit. His judgment has been vindicated; he has struck the popular taste; he has proved himself a successful manager, and that is the object of his ambition. His position is precisely that of the proprietor of a yellow newspaper, who resorts to every device to clear a profit, not because he is particularly anxious for the money, but because he wishes to feel certain that he has achieved a popular success—and a paper that does not pay a profit is not in his view a successful paper. In this respect





Mr. Frohman may be called a yellow manager.

It is hardly possible to speak of Charles Frohman without saying something of the syndicate, or theatrical trust, of which he is the moving spirit. The syndicate directly controls nearly all the first-class theaters in the principal cities of the country, and it exercises an indirect but none the less effective control over hundreds of minor theaters in the one-night stands. Competition with it is next to impossible, for a profitable traveling circuit cannot be made up without using some of its theaters, and a company that plays in independent theaters where they exist cannot get into the trust theaters where there are no others to be had. Although this combination was founded only a few years ago and has been enormously profitable, there is some reason to believe that Mr. Frohman is not entirely contented in it and would be glad to segregate his interests and run his own circuits in his own way. It is not impossible that this may come about in the near future.

Mr. Frohman is a natural manager. He owes nothing to training, but nobody is a keener judge of the commercial value of a play or the capacity of an actor. He prefers to deal in established successes rather than in possibilities, and therefore he has been more inclined to buy plays that have made hits abroad and to engage performers who have won favor under other managers than to back his personal judgment by producing unknown American dramas and developing unknown native talent.

But he has not always followed this policy. His debut as a manager was made with "Shenandoah," whose possibilities he saw in spite of the discouraging circumstances that surrounded it at the time. He contracted to pay the immense price demanded, although he had no capital but debt, and he paid for the play, paid his debts, and paid himself first a living salary and then a fortune out of his profits. The construction of the Empire Theater, the formation of the Empire Stock Company, the invasion of England with "Secret Service" and "The Gay Parisians," and the formation of the theatrical trust have been stages in Mr. Frohman's progress to the unparalleled sway he now holds over the theatrical world.

The limit of his powers does not seem to have been reached. He handles all the details of his multifarious business as easily as the ordinary manager handles a single theater. We know that a hundred theaters here and abroad do not overtax his mind. When we find how many it takes to exhaust his capacity, we shall know the possible limits of theatrical monopoly.

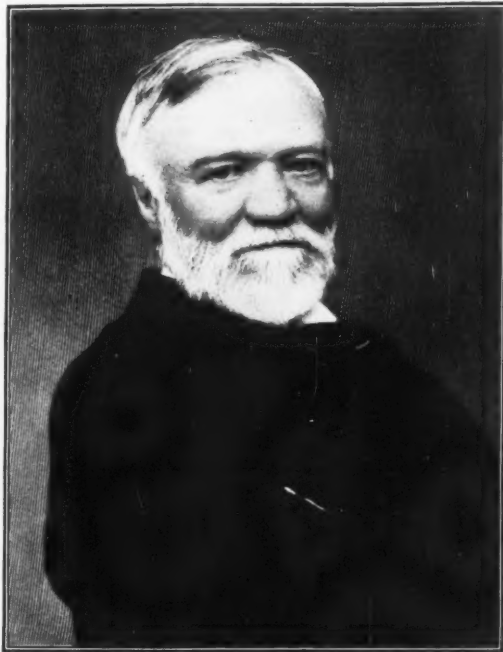
ANDREW CARNEGIE.

BY CHARLES S. GLEED.

ALL the people, in a general way, know about Mr. Carnegie; but how few really grasp the fairy-tale in all its fulness! It extinguishes the glory of Cræsus and makes the story of Aladdin seem cheap. Think of historic old Fifeshire, Scotland, composed of equal parts of rocks and water—where the sea sends an arm into almost every estate and where brains are the biggest crop—Fifeshire, town of Dunfermline, 1837, that is where and when this favorite of fortune began his career. He began as poor as any little Scot who ever thrived on sea air and oatmeal. And now what? The name which above all others will soon be found "blown in the bottle" in the United States is that of Carnegie—the same Carnegie who began so humbly in Dunfermline sixty-five years ago. George Washington and Christopher Columbus will continue to be very well-known persons. States, cities, streets, institutions and cigars have been named for them and they have seemed almost beyond the reach of rivals in the same line. But now these great names are doomed to comparative disuse. They are to be distanced by the name "Carnegie." In a few years this name will be presented to the eye and ear of the people of the United States a thousand times where the others are once. There will probably be five thousand Carnegie libraries. These

will contain at least ten thousand books each, or a total of fifty million books—all bearing the Carnegie book-plate. These books will all be examined at least one hundred times a year. This would mean annually five billion visual perceptions of the word "Carnegie" through library books alone. Other repetitions of the word, written, printed and spoken, may be expected to occur annually in the relations and to the extent indicated as follows: Account Car-

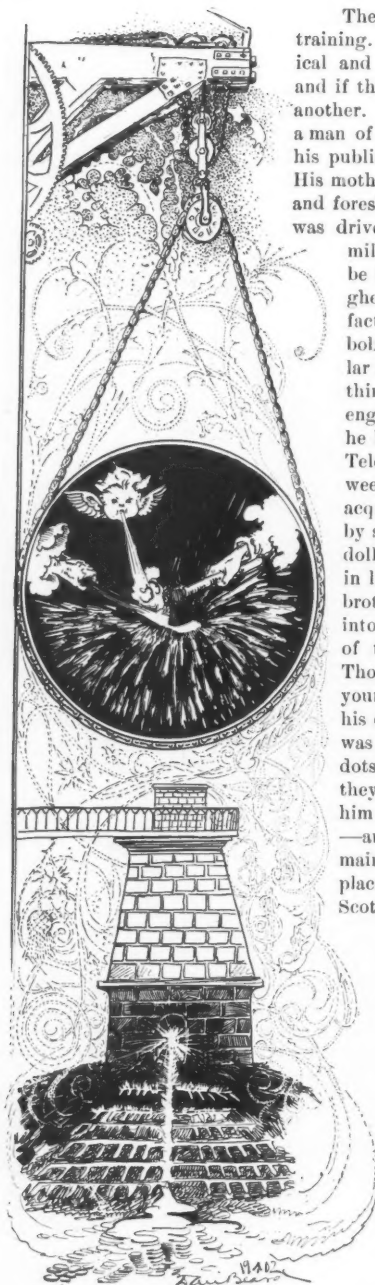
negie educational gift to the government, one billion times; Carnegie music- and lecture-halls, hospitals, schools, and other similar institutions, two billion times; Carnegie towns, streets, parks and boulevards, one billion; Carnegie manufactured articles, one billion; and, finally, newspaper mention, five billion—or a grand total of fifteen billion times. Perhaps these figures cannot be proved—



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ANDREW CARNEGIE.

but neither can they be disproved. They are near enough right not to be misleading. They assist us in forming a correct notion of what will happen. From the very nature of the case, the written, printed and spoken use of the word "Carnegie" must increase as the years go by—and so it is natural to conclude that it has been fairly "blown in the bottle." This is to be the wonderful finish of the life of the poor little Scot of Dunfermline. A fairy-tale indeed!



The people of Fifeshire are thinkers by birth and training. They are hard-headed and thrifty, mathematical and managerial. They always get rich if they try and if they can find others to get money from besides one another. Mr. Carnegie's father was a master-weaver, and a man of exceptional intelligence—locally well known for his public utterances on political and industrial subjects. His mother was a fine, strong woman with all the courage and foresight of a natural financier. The senior Carnegie was driven out of business by the development of steam-mills, and made up his mind that the New World must be his place of refuge. In 1848 he settled in Allegheny, Pennsylvania, and began work in a cotton factory. A year later, the son entered this factory as bobbin-boy, earning—or at least, receiving—one dollar and twenty cents per week. By the time he was thirteen years of age he had charge of a stationary engine in a bobbin factory. At fourteen years of age he began work as a messenger in the office of the Ohio Telegraph Company at two dollars and fifty cents per week. In a short time he became an operator, and acquired the then unusual accomplishment of reading by sound. This triumph gave him three hundred dollars a year—quite enough, he thought, to support in luxury his recently widowed mother and his little brother. When the Pennsylvania Railroad was built into Pittsburg, young Carnegie came under the eye of the great railway genius of the time, Colonel Thomas A. Scott. Colonel Scott soon found that the young Pittsburg operator was not merely grinding out his daily grist of dots and dashes for the money there was in it. He found that the boy knew what the dots and dashes were all about and when and how they ought to be different. He seized him and put him on his pay-rolls at thirty-five dollars per month—an inordinate and unspendable salary. He remained with the road thirteen years, taking Scott's place as superintendent of the Pittsburg division when Scott went up to the vice-presidency.

At the outbreak of the war, when Scott took charge of the government transportation business, Carnegie was made superintendent of military roads and telegraph lines and rendered fine service.

From a very early date, the young railroad man began making ventures for profit. One day Colonel Scott suggested that he buy ten shares of the stock of the Adams Express Company, for five hundred dollars. The boy and his mother discussed the matter, and finally mortgaged their little home to get the money. Another day Carnegie met Mr. Woodruff, who had invented a sleeping-car. Again he borrowed money, to participate in that enterprise. In 1860 he arranged with Colonel Scott and another

friend to buy the Story farm on Oil Creek for forty thousand dollars. That farm proved to be worth five millions of dollars.

His first big manufacturing venture was the organization of the Keystone Bridge Company. He won. Iron bridges were coming into fashion and he got the lead in the business.

Soon he substituted steel for iron—by the Bessemer process. His bridges were wanted everywhere.

He acquired various other manufacturing plants in the iron line. He always won. By 1888 he had control of the Homestead steel works, the Edgar Thompson steel works, the Duquesne steel works and furnaces, the Lucy furnaces, the Keystone bridge works, the Upper Union rolling-mills and the Lower Union rolling-mills. These works were capitalized at about one hundred million dollars, the ownership including a vast amount of coal and iron lands. These properties were last year turned over to the United States Steel Corporation for two or three hundred millions of dollars in cash, first-mortgage bonds, and stock.

Ten or fifteen years ago, Mr. Carnegie began to admit the oppression of his wealth and its responsibilities. He first made sundry arrangements by which many of his employees became sharers in his profits—virtually partners.

After getting free of the greater part of the personal care of the properties in which he was chief owner, Mr. Carnegie devoted himself largely to two tasks—giving away his money and writing for publication.

His gifts have been chiefly in the line of building libraries. His greatest single gift was ten millions given to the trustees of the government for aid to the universities of the country. The particulars of this gift need not be recited. In all his work of giving Mr. Carnegie has remained, as in the beginning, a "canny Scot." While giving away millions, he will step aside to do a little business and—make millions. In the very business of giving away money he is as careful of how he does it, and as adherent to his own plans and policies, as if he were trying to get money instead of give it; and wo to those beggars who try to be choosers. There is no joy for those who try to tell him what he ought to do with his money. He will have his own way or no way. It has often been asked how Mr. Carnegie came to turn his chief charities in the direction of library work. So practical a man, it





is supposed, would have taken naturally to the more practical charities—hospitals, industrial schools, and the like. Probably the explanation is complex. His parents were book-lovers. He was born with the same taste. He began very early to read with enthusiasm and purpose. While he was yet a bobbin-boy, with perhaps no book at home but the Bible, a gentleman who was on the lookout for chances to be helpful, Colonel John B. Anderson, arranged to supply him with all the books he could read. Colonel Anderson lived many years in Kansas, where he died. Mr. Carnegie never forgot his early kindness, and has given a pipe-organ, a library and a statue of Colonel Anderson to Kansas institutions of which the latter was trustee. It is said that this early encouragement to give his spare time to good books instead of to bad companions has always been assigned by Mr. Carnegie as one of the explanations of why he has prospered and is therefore the kind of aid which he most prefers to pass on to the youth of the land.

Next to books, Mr. Carnegie's taste runs to music. His ancestors, or many of them, no doubt made war on fiddles and other musical instruments as encouraging ungodliness. But Mr. Carnegie has swung to the other side and has devoted millions to musical organizations and institutions.

It is natural for Mr. Carnegie to be a writer. He began doing odd bits of newspaper work when he was a telegraph operator. From that time to this he has been a frequent contributor to the publications of the country. His magazine articles and books are in every respect worth reading. The style in which they are written is excellent. It is characterized by plain words, crisp sentences and exceptionally lucid construction. The work of Mr. Carnegie's pen is worth reading, not because he is an exceptional philosopher nor because he is brilliant or profound more than others, but because there is always, in what he writes, something important in the line of fact, or something important out of his actual experience or knowledge as a practical man. There is never anything in what he writes (so far as I have been able to see) which suggests the idea of an audacious rich man attempting literary work as a fad. Though often wrong (as it seems to me), he is always respectably strong in the positions

he takes and defends. He is optimistic, patriotic and conservative. He "stands up for poverty" in the most approved style of the rich man's art.

Mr. Carnegie is an optimist. "The 'good old times' were not good old times. Neither master nor servant was as well situated then as to-day. What were the luxuries have become the necessities of life."

Mr. Carnegie often expresses his belief in the organization of labor, in improved hours of work, in bettered conditions for workmen, in subdued and regulated officialism—in short, in about all the things contended for by champions of labor. But, on the other hand, he smites with fury the socialists and communists who demand one level for all men. He says: "Civilization took its start from the day when the capable, industrious workman said to his incompetent and lazy fellow, 'If thou dost not sow, thou shalt not reap,' and thus ended primitive communism by separating the drones from the bees. One who studies this subject will soon be brought face to face with the conclusion that upon the sacredness of property civilization itself depends—the right of the laborer to his hundred dollars in the savings-bank, and equally the right of the millionaire to his millions."

While Mr. Carnegie thus vigorously defends the right of some people to have millions, he attacks with no less vigor the usual method of millionaires in applying what they have accumulated. He thinks great fortunes should be given back to the people in some systematic manner and in accordance with some wise plan. He thinks this is the only way for great and enduring advantages to reach the people; and he thinks the only way to do this properly is, not by will, but by an intelligent personal administration by the giver. "It is well to remember that it requires the exercise of not less ability than that which acquires it so as to be really beneficial to the community. . . . The growing disposition to tax more and more heavily the estates left at death is a cheering indication of the growth of a salutary change in public opinion."

Mr. Carnegie is a champion of home rule—in Ireland and everywhere else. "It is said that the people of Ireland will not do justice to the landlords. No, I hope not. In my wildest and most vindictive moments I have never yet gone so far as to wish that the Irish landlords had justice. No; let us remember that mercy should in that case season justice." This is certainly fierce enough to suit the most fanatical. It is the application of this same doctrine that puts Mr. Carnegie against England in the Boer war and against the United States in the Philippine matter.

No man has better stated the anti-imperialist side, so called, of the present controversy than Mr. Carnegie, and his opinions will always be of value even if they do not in any sense prevail.

It is not to be supposed that all men who are fit to be kings are crowned, nor that all men who are crowned are fit to be kings. It is not to be supposed that all men who are fit to be rich are rich, nor that all who are rich are fit to be so. Luck, or something wrongfully called luck, enters in and gives some men money who ought to be poor. A vote of all the people would undoubtedly decide, almost unanimously, that Andrew Carnegie is fit to be rich.



JOHN AUGUSTINE McCALL.

BY CHARLES S. GLEED.

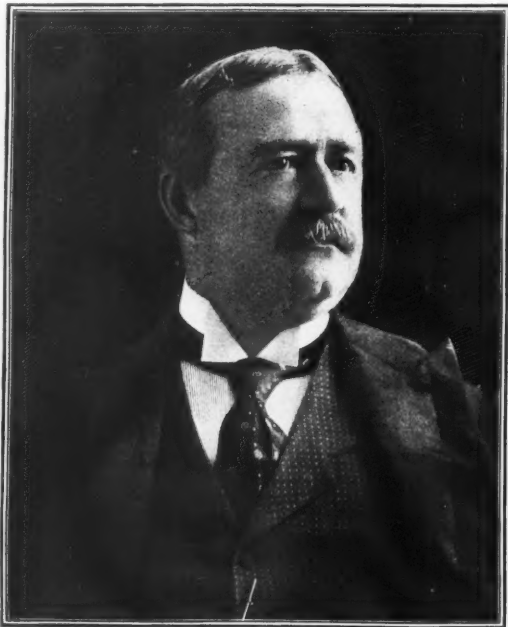
THE insurance business is in many respects the most important business of modern times, and yet it is strangely new and mysterious to the sons of men. Only a few years ago the religious people generally looked on insurance as they did on the Louisiana lottery or some kindred institution. It not only was condemned as a gambling business, but was accounted a peculiarly wicked kind of gambling, because it was betting on life and death and fire and flood—all exclusively within the keeping of the Almighty. Even to this day many thoroughly excellent people look with distrust on life-insurance because it is a means of making money by the death of friends.

A gentleman died about three years ago in Florida, leaving life-insurance for the protection of his family to the extent of twenty-five thousand dollars. His wife had felt religious scruples against life-insurance and he had never told her of the insurance he had taken out. When he died, the money from this source proved to be practically her only reliance, yet she flatly declined to accept it, and did not change her mind until her pastor successfully explained to her that the taking of the insurance was her husband's way of saving money and was in no sense a bet on his own life. There is a chance for some curiosity as to how

he explained the getting of twenty-five thousand dollars in return for savings of about five thousand. Possibly he convinced the good lady that it is more blessed for insurance companies to give than to receive, thus annulling her scruples with perverted Scripture.

What happened to this family happens to thousands annually, and the number is increasing with great rapidity. Insurance is undoubtedly the greatest communal de-

vise known in business. It helps the strong bear the burdens of the weak. It is the distribution of both burdens and benefits, to the great help of all concerned. It is the most practical co-operative agency yet invented. It is also an unequaled encourager of thrift. The savings-bank does not send out agents urging the extravagant to save their money. The insurance com-



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panies do just this, and their battalions for the encouragement of thrift attack every enemy and invade every stronghold of recklessness and waste. Insurance policies are the ballast of the business world. They do more to steady business conditions than any other one agency. They exert more influence than any other one power to prevent overwhelming financial disaster in the wake of storm, accident and disease.

The business has many internal peculiarities entirely its own. The external view

of an insurance company presents to observation nothing but a big building, many advertisements, and, in every important place, an agent. This is where it differs from a railroad, which has nothing except what is visible. The inside view of an insurance company presents a hopeless mass of papers and accounts. Outside of the technicalities of insurance, the business also involves everything there is to banking, so far as it relates to the investment of money. In fact, it is often said that the banking part of insurance is by far the most important part. If the reader will examine the list of investments made by any large insurance company, the wonder will grow how any such company manages to invest so much money with reasonable certainty of its being safe; but the fact remains that most money paid into insurance companies is exceedingly well cared for and that the safe conduct of such companies means the happiness and prosperity of an extraordinarily large proportion of the people.

Strange as it may seem, no line of business is more deeply concerned with politics, both state and national, than insurance. Legislation governs the practical operation of the companies and affects in every imaginable way the value of the properties in which the companies have invested. To how many would it occur that a statute in Kansas governing railway cattle-guards had anything to do with the value of a policy of a New York insurance company held in Maine? But the connection is direct. If the new law costs a Kansas railroad a good deal of money and if the insurance company holds the securities of that railroad, then the value of the policy held in Maine is more or less affected. The enactment of an insurance-commissioner law in California or Minnesota or Texas has a very direct effect upon the policies of all companies doing business in that state. If the effect of legislation in Washington is to depreciate the value of government bonds, then every insurance company is harmed by such legislation. Every judge on the bench sooner or later has a chance to be just or unjust to insurance companies. The latter are always accused in court of being soulless foreign corporations, and those who ask judgments against them have every advantage of local prejudice. In a thousand other directions, political movements in the country come home directly to insurance managers.

Enough has been said to indicate clearly why it is that the president of an insurance company ought to be a very strong man and a very capable man. Such a man is John Augustine McCall, the president of one of the largest of New York's great insurance companies.

Mr. McCall was born in Albany in 1849 and was educated in the schools of that city. For some time he held a clerkship in the Albany State Currency Assorting House. After that he was in the service of a Connecticut life-insurance company, whose employ he left in 1869. He was a clerk in the New York State Insurance Department from 1867 to 1876. He was deputy Superintendent of Insurance for the State from 1876 to 1883, and was





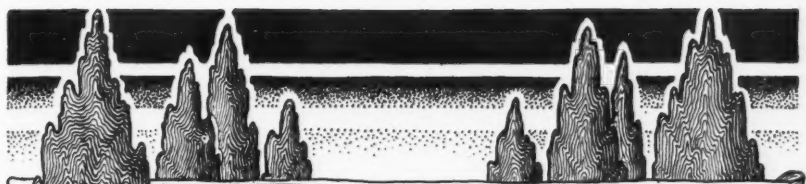
Superintendent of Insurance for three years—from 1883 to 1886.

Leaving the service of the state, he became controller of one of New York's largest companies. In 1892 he was chosen president of another great company. This company, over which he continues to preside, has outstanding insurance aggregating one and a third billion dollars. The assets, of over two hundred and ninety million dollars, are invested in various kinds of securities. These securities include government bonds of all the great nations, bonds of all the large railway companies, and an ample array of high-class city and municipal securities. This is the business over which Mr. McCall is required to preside. This he does in the usual way personally and by directions to his staff, and also by holding seats in the board of control of many great corporations.

A man of powerful physique, Mr. McCall is characterized by poise as well as avoirdupois, his unflinching good nature, self-possession and perfect balance rendering him a man of most remarkable soundness of opinion and safety of action. He recognizes the fact that the prosperity of New York and business in New York depend on the prosperity of the states of the Union and the countries of the earth, and he strives with most unflagging diligence to acquaint himself with local conditions in every part of the Union and in all foreign countries, particularly those in which his company is directly interested. This gives him a breadth of knowledge and a catholicity of sympathy which make him one of the broadest-minded men of the nation. No theory and no prejudice are so binding upon his conscience as his desire for satisfactory financial and industrial conditions. The welfare of his country means the welfare of his company, and the responsibility of the latter is altogether too stupendous to make trifling possible.

The mutterings of a drunken man caught by the eager ear of a New York newspaper reporter led to the expulsion of the gentleman then president and the selection of Mr. McCall for his present position. Every year since his election has seen his hold on the affairs of the company grow stronger, his knowledge of its business more comprehensive, and his executive skill more effective.

It is safe to predict that only ill health or the end of life or such an advance of years as to make attention to business impossible, will oust him from the position which he occupies. It is still more safe to predict that nothing will ever occur under his administration of a character to bring down on him such criticism as fell to the lot of his predecessor.



Old Love-Stories Retold.—II. Dante and Beatrice.

By RICHARD LE GALLIENNE.



THE great historic love-stories of the world are like the great classics of art and literature. They have become universal symbols of human experience. There are many ways of loving, many shapes of story taken by the fateful passion of love in a difficult world, which, though it may love a lover, seldom shows its love in the form of active sympathy while the story is in the making. The great love-stories fix either the type of loving after the manner of one or another temperament, or the type of dramatic expression imposed upon love by circumstance. Thus the story of Tristram and Iseult stands for a love irresistibly passionate, stormily sensual, a very madness of loving. It represents a quality of, a way of, loving. The significance of the story of Paolo and Francesca, on the

other hand, is less in the love of the lovers themselves than in the shape of destiny which it took under the pressure of circumstance. Lanciotto is no less important, is even more important, to the story than the lovers themselves, whereas in the case of Tristram and Iseult we never give a second thought to King Mark. Our eyes are held by the spectacle of the superb passion of

the lovers, as by some awe-inspiring display of the elements. The love of Paolo and Francesca, however, strikes no individual characteristic note—the lovers themselves have no personality—and it is merely one of the elements in the making of a picturesque shape of tragedy, a shape which, before and since, love-history has been constantly taking, and to which in the case of Paolo and Francesca the genius of a great poet has given an accidental immortality.

Dante's own love-story belongs to the first, more significant, class. His love for Beatrice is important because it stands for a way of loving. As many have loved and still go on loving the way of Tristram and Iseult, so many have loved and still go on loving Dante's way, though such a fashion of loving is perhaps less common. Yet, is it so rare, after all, for a man to carry enshrined in his heart from boyhood to manhood, and on to old age, the holy face of some little girl seen for a brief while in the magic dawn of life, lost almost as



DANTE.

soon as seen, yet seen in that short moment with such an ecstasy of sight as to become for him a deathless angel of the imagination, a lifelong dream to keep pure the heart?

A poet's love is apt to be a lonely, subjective passion, even when it is returned; for the woman whom the poet loves is often as much his own creation as one of his own poems. Like Pygmalion he loves the work of his own dreams. But never was any poet's love—not even that of John Keats for Fanny Brawne—so entirely one-sided as that of Dante for Beatrice. Save as the object of Dante's worship, Beatrice has no share in the story at all. She seems to have had no more care for Dante's love, and indeed to have been hardly more aware of its existence, than a new star has care for, or is aware of, its discoverer. "The beloved," says Hafiz, "is in no need of our imperfect love." Dante was free to worship her afar off as he

pleased. It was not his fault if she preferred the less portentous attentions of the society young fellows of her set. A lover like Dante might well bewilder, and even alarm, a young miss whose thoughts, for all her mystical beauty, ran—innocently and properly enough—on her sweetmeats and her next dance. But, if that saying of

Hafiz be true, it is open to the retort that a lover like Dante can dispense with a return of his affection. All he asks is to dream his dream. To have his love returned might be disastrous to his dream. It is no mere flippancy to suppose that had Dante had fuller opportunities of knowing the real earth-born Beatrice, the divine Beatrice would have been lost to him and

to us. Fortunately, their intercourse seems to have been of the slightest. For Beatrice Dante was hardly more than an acquaintance, who, after the fashion of his day, paid court to her in sonnet and ballata—forms of devotion at that time hardly so serious as a serenade. For it was the period of the courts and colleges of love, when a poet might write in the name of a strictly poetical "mistress," with hardly more thought of scandalous realities behind his song than if to-day a poet should dedicate his new volume, by per-



THE SALUTATION OF BEATRICE.

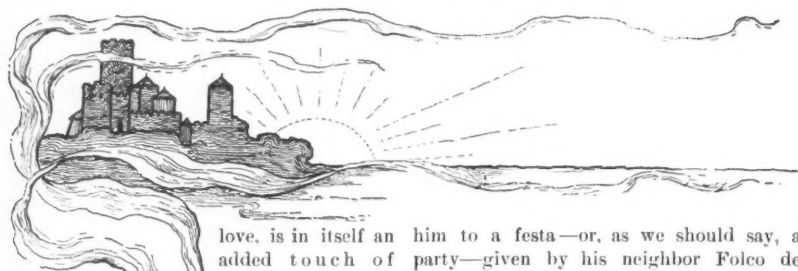
mission, to some noble lady. Dante's uniquely beautiful record of his love-story, the "Vita Nuova," is cast in just that formal fanciful mold of literary and mystical love-making which was then fashionable, and were it not that the form of it is quite powerless to suppress the intense sincerity and youthful freshness of an evidently real



THE SECOND MEETING OF DANTE AND BEATRICE.

feeling, it might have passed for a brilliant piece of troubadour make-believe. As it is, however, the very artificiality of the form is turned to account, and seems rather to accentuate than detract from the impression of youthful ecstasy. Young love is ever curious to invent some form of exquisite ritual for the expression of its wor-

ship. Common words are not rare enough for the fastidious young priest who thus bows his head in the awful sanctuary of his first love. So the very artifice with which in the "Vita Nuova" we see Dante delighting to fret little golden "chambers of imagery" for the honey, and delicate lachrimatories for the sorrow, of his



love, is in itself an added touch of reality.

Very youthful and lover-like is the vein of mystical superstition which runs through the confession, as, for example, the insistence on the number nine in the opening sentences and throughout. Not without hidden significance, it seemed to the young poet, was it that he should have met Beatrice when she was almost beginning her ninth year and he almost ending his. Here alone was an evidence that they were born for each other. Who can forget his hushed account of his first meeting with that "youngest of the angels"?

"Her dress, on that day," he says, "was of a most noble color, a subdued and goodly crimson, girdled and adorned in such sort as best suited with her very tender age.

At that moment, I say most truly that the spirit of life, which hath its dwelling in the secretest chamber of the heart, began to tremble so violently that the least pulses of my body shook therewith; and in trembling it said these words: *Ecce deus fortior me, qui veniens dominabitur mihi* [Here is a deity stronger than I; who, coming, shall rule over me]."

It is probable that this historic meeting thus mystically described had come of Dante's father one day taking the boy with

him to a festa—or, as we should say, a party—given by his neighbor Folco de Portinari. Dante's father was, it would appear, a well-to-do lawyer, with old blood in his veins, but still of the burgher class; whereas Portinari was probably richer and in a higher social position.

Another nine years was to pass before Dante and Beatrice were even to speak to each other—for it does not appear that they had spoken on that first meeting—and by that time she had been given in marriage to a banker of Florence, one Simon de Bardi. Meanwhile, Dante may have caught glimpses of her in church or on the street, but beyond such slight sustenance his love had had nothing to feed on all those years. Once again Dante dwells on the recurrence of the significant number nine in his history. "After the lapse," says he, "of so many days that nine years exactly were completed since the above-written appearance of this most gracious being, on the last of those days it happened



BEATA BEATRIX.

that the same wonderful lady appeared to me dressed all in pure white, between two gentle ladies elder than she. And passing through a street, she turned her eyes thither where I stood sorely abashed; and by her unspeakable courtesy, which is now guerdoned in the Great Cycle, she saluted me with so virtuous a bearing that I seemed then and there to behold the very limits of blessedness. The hour of her most sweet salutation was exactly the ninth of that day; and because it was the first time that any words from her reached mine ears, I came into such sweetness that I parted thence as one intoxicated."

hopes an act of conventional graciousness?

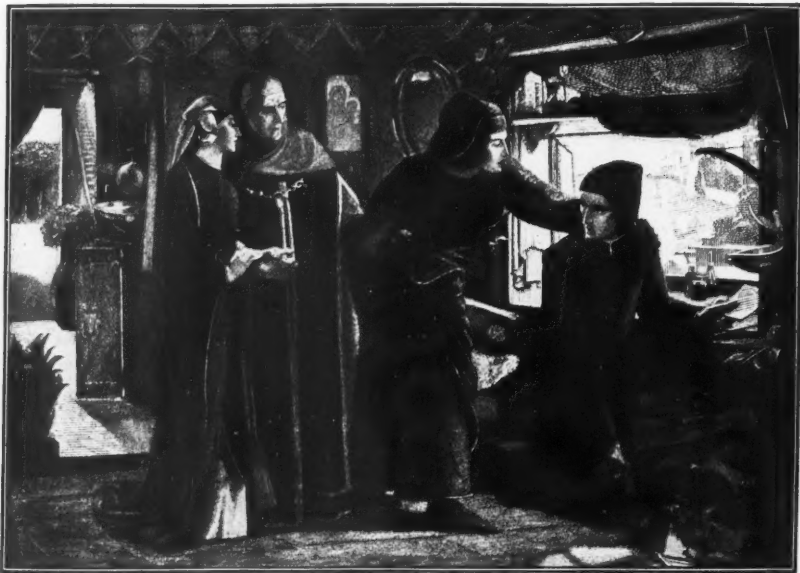
It is to be feared that he did. But, be that as it may, that "most sweet salutation" sufficed so to fan the flame of love in the poet's heart that he grew thin and pale from very lovesickness, so that his friends began to wonder at him and make guesses at the lady. Dante, perceiving this, and seeing that he must protect Beatrice from any breath of gossip, conceived the plan of making another lady the screen for his love. It chanced that, one day Dante being in the same church with Beatrice, a lady sat in a direct line between Beatrice and himself, and, as she looked round at



DANTE'S DREAM.

What were the words, one wonders, that sent the poet walking on air through the streets of Florence, and shut him up in the loneliness of his own room to dream of her and write mystical sonnets for the interpretation of his fellow poets, as was the manner of that day? They can hardly have been more than a "Good morning, Messer Alighieri. We have missed your face in Florence for ever so long." But then the voice and the smile that went with the ordinary words! It almost seems as though they must have conveyed a rarer message to the poet's heart. Or did the poet merely misinterpret according to his

him several times, and his eyes, in reality burning upon Beatrice, might well seem to be answering hers, the gossips concluded that she it was who had brought him to such a pass of love. Becoming aware of the mistake, Dante saw in it the needed means of shielding Beatrice, and he diligently set about confirming the gossips in their error by writing poems which seemed to point to the other lady, but were in reality inspired by Beatrice. At this time, he tells us, he made a list in the form of a "sirvente" of the names of the sixty most beautiful women in Florence, and he bids us take note of a strange thing: "that having



DANTE ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF BEATRICE'S DEATH.

written the list, I found my lady's name would not stand otherwise than ninth in order among the names of these ladies!"

In course of time, travel took his beautiful "screen" from Florence, and it became necessary for him to find a substitute. This he was presently enabled to do, and soon he became so identified with his fictitious lady and rumor began to speak such evil of them both, that his own true lady, "the destroyer of all evil and the queen of all good," meeting him one day, denied him her salutation. Thereon, in bitter grief, Dante took counsel of Love, and composed a veiled song which should reveal the truth to Beatrice and yet hide it. But how she received it, or whether or not she took him back into her favor, is not made clear. It hardly seems as though she had done so from the next occasion on which we see them in each other's company. This was one of great sorrow and bitterness, and is described so vividly by Dante himself that I will transcribe his own words:

"After this battling with many thoughts, it chanced on a day that my most gracious lady was with a gathering of ladies in a certain place; to the which I was conducted by a friend of mine. . . . And they were assembled around a gentlewoman who was

given in marriage that day; the custom of the city being that these should bear her company when she sat down for the first time at table in the house of her husband. Therefore I, as was my friend's pleasure, resolved to stay with him and do honor to those ladies.

"But as soon as I had thus resolved, I began to feel a faintness and a throbbing at my left side, which soon took possession of my whole body. Whereupon I remember that I covertly leaned my back unto a painting that ran round the walls of that house; and being fearful lest my trembling should be discerned of them, I lifted mine eyes to look upon those ladies, and then first perceived among them the excellent Beatrice. And when I perceived her, all my senses were overpowered by the great lordship that Love obtained, finding himself so near unto that most gracious being, until nothing but the spirits of sight remained to me. . . . By this, many of her friends, having discerned my confusion, began to wonder; and together with herself, kept whispering of me and mocking me. Whereupon my friend, who knew not what to conceive, took me by the hands, and drawing me forth from among them, required to know

what ailed me. Then, having first held me at quiet for a space until my perceptions were come back to me, I made answer to my friend: 'Of a surety I have now set my feet on that point of life beyond the which he must not pass who would return.' "

From that moment Dante's passion was an open secret among his acquaintance, and his lovelorn looks were matter of jest among them. We read of no more meetings with Beatrice, except a chance encounter in the street as she walked with a beautiful friend named Joan. Whether she gave or withheld her salutation on this occasion, Dante does not tell us. Meanwhile, her father had died, and Dante had written her a poem of sympathy; also he himself had been so sick that thoughts of death had come close to him, and with them a prophetic vision of the death of Beatrice, all too soon to be fulfilled. Dante tells how he was busied with a long, carefully conceived poem in celebration of her

beauty and her virtue, and had composed but one stanza, "when the Lord God of justice called my most gracious lady unto Himself, that she might be glorious under the banner of that blessed Queen Mary, whose name had always a deep reverence in the words of holy Beatrice." Heaven had need of her. Earth was no fit place for so fair a spirit.

A love such as Dante's, dream-born and dream-fed, and never at any time nourished on the realities of earthly loving, would necessarily be intensified by the death of the beloved. That mysterious consecration which death

always brings with it especially transfigures the memories of the young and the beautiful.

She had come nearer to him rather than gone farther away. So, at least, he could feign in his imagination, where he was now free to enthrone her forever as the bride of his soul—without the thought of any Simon de Bardi to break in upon his dream. In life she could never be his, but in her death they were no longer divided.

Yet before this dream could grow into an assured reality for him, bringing firmness and peace to his heart, there were many months of bitter human grief to pass through. Beatrice was indeed a saint in heaven, but ah! she no longer walked the streets of Florence. Like any other bereaved lover, he sought many anodynes for



THE LADY OF PITY.



his grief—some unworthy ones, for which his conscience reproached him at the time and long years after. With the instinct of the poet, he first sought the consolation of beautiful words. As some men fly to wine in sorrow, the poet flies to verse. "When my eyes," he says, "had wept for some while, until they were so weary with weeping that I could no longer through them give ease to my sorrow, I bethought me that a few mournful words might stand me instead of tears. And therefore I proposed to make a poem, that weeping I might speak therein of her for whom so much sorrow had destroyed my spirit; and I then began 'The eyes that weep.'"

Later, he tells us how he found consolation in the sympathy of a certain "young and very beautiful lady," consolation so tender and kind that he confesses, in self-reproach, that his "eyes began to be gladdened overmuch by her company, through which thing many times I had much unrest, and rebuked myself as a base person."

That he also experimented with the commoner anodynes of grief, seems certain from this stern sonnet addressed to him by his first of friends, Guido Cavalcanti:

"I come to thee by daytime constantly,
But in thy thoughts too much of baseness find:
Greatly it grieves me for thy gentle mind,
And for thy many virtues gone from thee.
It was thy wont to shun much company,
Unto all sorry concourse ill inclin'd:
And still thy speech of me, heartfelt and kind,
Had made me treasure up thy poetry.
But now I dare not, for thine abject life,
Make manifest that I approve thy rimes;
Nor come I in such sort that thou mayst know.
Ah! prythee read this sonnet many times:
So shall that evil one who bred this strife
Be thrust from thy dishonored soul and go."

That Guido Cavalcanti did not write thus without cause, is proved by Beatrice's solemn reproach of him in the "Purgatorio." Indeed, she implies that his way

of life at this time was the cause of his vision of the Inferno:

"So low he fell, that all appliances
For his salvation were already short,
Save showing him the people of perdition."

In the same poem he admits:

"The things that present were
With their false pleasure turned aside my steps,
Soon as your countenance concealed itself."

But, through all, the dream of his love was growing more bright and sure; and soon it was to ascend above all earthly fumes, and shine down on him, the fixed guiding star of a life that, in its turbulent vicissitudes and bitter sorrows, was, more than most, to need the sustaining light of such a spiritual ideal.

Dante was to marry, and his wife Gemma was to bear him seven children—a wife who cannot have been unsympathetic to his dream, for she allowed him to name their daughter Beatrice; Florence was to become the second passion of his life; he was to descend into hell, and eat the bitter bread of exile: but through

all, growing brighter with the years, shone down upon his rough and devious pathway the white girl-star of Beatrice. His first love was his last. Commentators have endeavored to explain her away as a metaphysical symbol, and Dante himself came to think of Beatrice as an impersonation of Divine Wisdom. In the close of his long and strenuous life, it might well seem to him that her having lived on earth at all was a dream of his boyhood, so far away that dreaming boyhood of the "Vita Nuova" must have seemed; but, for all that, we know that it was just a young girl's face that led this strong, stern man of iron and tears safely through his pilgrimage of the world.

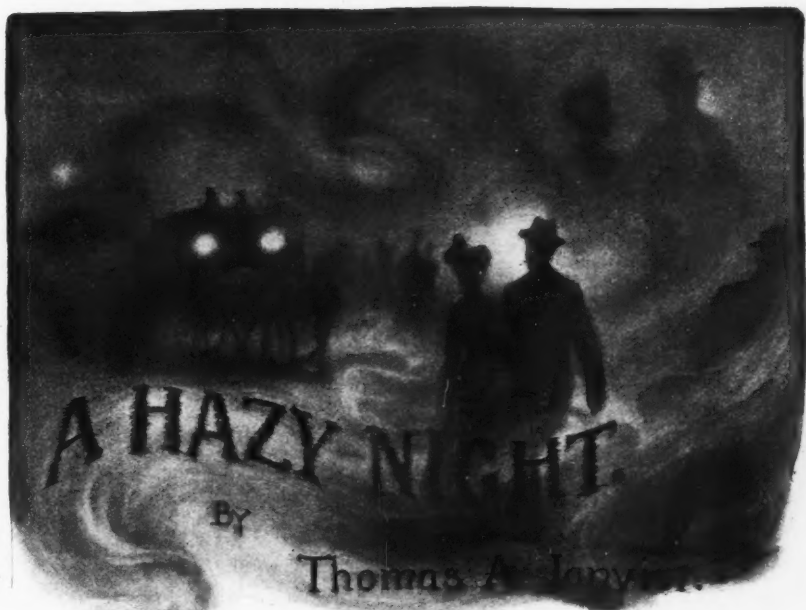
"All ye that pass along Love's trodden way
Pause ye awhile,"

and meditate upon this marvel.



A BUST OF DANTE.





A HAZY NIGHT.

By

Thomas A. Jory.

A SOFT warm haze, which now and then thickened into a dense but curiously dry fog, was rolling in from the seaward across the islands and up the bay. New York was infolded in it. Wrapped in this wavering illusive robe, the city became ethereal—unreal. Common things were transformed into marvels, and every shadowy nook was thronged with animated mysteries. The varying density of the masses of warm vapor drifting through the streets produced optical effects which defied all probability. At one moment the view would be cut off at the end of the next pavement—and a moment later some huge building, really a block away, would burst forward through the curtain of haze and be imminently overwhelming for the instant before it again wholly disappeared. The parks became shadowy mazes—haunted by vague specters which came dimly into sight as they entered, and vanished instantly as they departed from, the narrow circles of luminous haze surrounding the glimmering lamps. The carriages on the

avenue were veritable monsters with fiery eyes; and the stages—looming portentously to the jar and thunder of their heavy wheels—towered up in rivalry with the behemoth of the Scriptures. Even simple foot-passengers put on the diaphanous dignity of ghosts, as they sprang into view suddenly and expanded to huge proportions, and as suddenly grew thin and vaporous and so vanished utterly away; and when—by some chance swirl or eddy of the misty veil surrounding them—their vague outlines became for a moment almost distinct, not one of them but had so lurking a look as to bespeak poisons and conspiracies and assassinations as the very least of the evil projects with which they were concerned. So thrilling were these manifold strange illusions, so unreal and so darkly ominous were the most trivial realities, that there came a restful feeling of relief when the denser clouds of warm vapor, languorous waves of down etherealized, overwhelmed and buried utterly streets and houses and people and reduced even the electric lamps to dull-red fire-balls adrift in the upper air.

Upon me, in my state of mind and body at that time, the bewilderments of that strange night took hold with an ardent intensity. I myself was as much at odds with the normal as was the condition of the atmosphere. Physically, I was utterly worn out. Mentally, I was in the highest degree exhilarated. That day great, very great, good fortune had come to me. In an instant, with the flashing swiftness of the electricity that brought me news of it, the impossible had happened; and the tingling thought that at last great hopes long cherished were about to be changed into impossibly glad realities had thrilled and throbbed in me—through my five hours of hard walking across the mountains in the early morning, and through my six hours of wearying homeward journey by rail—until the very soul of me was all on fire. Being come to my wife, in the edge of that spring evening, her happiness joined itself to mine and still farther swayed my spirit upward—far above and away from my desperately wearied body—into a region of exquisite delight. All animate and inanimate nature, the whole world, the universe, seemed to be fused into one great glorious golden felicity—of which I was at once the center and the circumference, the outcome and the cause.

No wonder, then, that I was open to all strange and exalting influences when, in this condition of semicstasy—born of utter fatigue and of perfect gladness—I went forth into the vaporous wonders of that hazy night.

Yet the mission that took me abroad was incongruously commonplace. Lilly, knowing nothing of our suddenly born happiness, had come in upon us as we were finishing dinner to ask help in finding temporary quarters for an aunt who was to arrive in the morning on the Newport boat. While she drank a glass of the champagne with which we were celebrating our entry into our kingdom—without in the least knowing that she was taking part in a celebration—my wife produced her orderly address-book, and thence extracted the addresses of a half-dozen desirable boarding-houses in the lower reaches of Madison Avenue. Thus provided, Lilly and I set off. I regretted keenly the sudden ending

of our festival; but Lilly could not be permitted, of course, to go upon her quest alone—and, after all, as my wife whispered to me aside, the interruption did not matter; because, in one way, our festival was of a sort that would last throughout the remainder of our lives. So we departed, Lilly and I—going along the avenue through the haze to Thirtieth Street in a fiery-eyed stage.

The swaying motion and the dull rumble of the stage, playing upon my great weariness, made me drowsy; at least, my body was disposed toward drowsiness—but my mind was sharply alert and open to the illusions engendered by that shadowy, spectral night. Indeed, the lagging of the flesh behind the spirit seemed only to put me in closer touch with the mysterious wonders which the lazily drifting warm vapor created in its depths—and hid again in the very moment that they were half revealed. In the quiet side-streets, when we had left the stage, we met but few foot-passengers; and all but one of these seemed no more than vague phantoms: looming large upon us suddenly, and as suddenly passing away. The single exception was a thick-set fellow, roughly dressed, who lurched against me heavily as he passed us—and with a coarse curse at me for the shove that I gave him vanished into the haze again. He, certainly, was real.

Of the many boarding-house parlors which we entered and left together, I remember only that they all seemed to me alike in their attempted gorgeousness and in their actual achievement of a tawdry display. In one or two of them I think that I must have dozed for a moment or so—while Lilly made her inquiries and got from the widow (they all were widows) the answer that there were no vacant rooms. I cannot be sure of this; but I am sure that the violent contrasts of light and darkness in our wanderings—as we walked short distances through the vapor-charged streets, and made short stays in brilliantly lighted rooms—have given to all that we then did together the fine, thin texture of a vivid dream.

The last parlor that we entered—partly, I suppose, because it was the last, and partly because it was unlike the others—made a more distinct impression upon my

mind. But even this room is only a hazy memory: of old-fashioned embroidered hangings; of old-fashioned furniture, that included a slim-legged table on which lay a magazine and a dagger-shaped paper-knife; of a little Venetian mirror, delicately engraved; and, more clearly, of a large picture that had the look of being an old-fashioned "portrait group": two tall and very beautiful women, one of the Judith type, the other a stately blonde, standing together in a music-room; two other tall women, farther retired in the picture, one of whom was playing upon a harp; and in the background, in deep shadow, a great organ—from the tall pipes of which came a dull golden gleam. But I had only a few moments in which to observe drowsily this ancient work of art. As in the other houses, here also the rooms were filled—and we came unsatisfied away.

How we turned as we left this house I do not know. The haze, just then thickening, drifted in billowy masses through the streets and cut down our horizon to a dozen yards. As we walked onward, enveloped in it—always soft, languorous, caressing—I had the feeling that we ourselves were becoming as unreal, as shadowy, as the unreal and shadowy vapors of which with each passing moment we seemed to be more and more a part.

Lilly's voice, when presently she spoke to me, sounded strange in my ears—having the faint sweetness and distinctness of a clear but very distant bell: so odd a sound that it recalled instantly to my mind certain far-away bell-like voices which hovered about me once in a hashish dream.

"Here is the Araby," she said—and we turned into a broad doorway and with another step had entered a hall gorgeous with gleaming color and brilliant with electric lamps. Coming suddenly into this flashing dazzle from the haze-darkened street was half blinding—and to my blurred eyes the place into which we had come seemed rather a stage-effect than a reality. I remember furtively touching the wall—some sort of violently colored marble polished to a mirror-like glitter—and feeling a little thrill of wonder because it had not the feel of painted canvas but the dry coolness of actual stone.

The elevator into which we stepped, all

ablaze with a cluster of electric lamps, was a garish composite of carved woodwork, and mirrors, and old-gold satin: an Occidental perversion of Oriental splendor that was all the worse by contrast with the beautiful wrought-iron lattice which the satin hangings did not wholly hide. Instantly we went flying upward, with the firm evenness and constancy of motion of a strong-winged bird—hearing the low whirring of the machinery, and played upon through the lattice-work by a cool soft wind. The numbers on the doors which we passed rapidly grew larger. Nine, ten, eleven, flitted past us—while the cool wind steadily poured down upon us and the drowsy whirr of the machinery steadily sounded in our ears. Again a hashish memory came back to me: of flying endlessly upward through a vastly deep shaft or cavern toward a point of brilliant light which ever receded as I rose. But even while this memory reformed itself in my mind, its apposite-ness of unending ascent was destroyed. At the thirteenth floor the elevator stopped.

The iron grille, and the solid iron door in the wall, being thrust back for our exit, there was discovered an inner curtain on which was a medley of battling men and plunging horses, all embroidered in faint colors and so vaguely that in many places the lines wholly were lost: a strange effect that was explained, a moment later, when the curtain dropped behind us and I saw the right side of a very beautiful piece of old tapestry representing a tangle of armored knights fighting fiercely with battle-axes and swords.

We were standing in a large square antechamber, from which opened—through doorways draped with, but not closed by, silken hangings—three or four large and very richly furnished rooms. Old tapestries, all battle-pieces, covered the walls of the antechamber, making a fitting background against which stood out trophies of magnificent armor and of ancient arms. On one of the racks—as I noticed particularly, having myself a strong fancy for such warlike equipage—was arranged a very extraordinary collection of swords and daggers: each piece, as my trained perception informed me, a treasure in itself. Of other furnishing there was little: only

a great carved chest and two or three carved wooden chairs—all seemingly as ancient, and certainly in their way as perfect, as the ancient arms. A soft yet strong light, coming from electric lamps enclosed in ground-glass globes, flooded with a mellow radiance this severely elegant apartment—to enter which, fresh from the garishness of the hall below, was a repose. And the dream-like effect of it all was increased, and the unrealness of its reality was intensified, by a throbbing of tenderly soft music: the persuasive measures of an old-fashioned waltz played very gently and in a very low key upon a harp.

As the door of the elevator closed with a muffled clang behind the tapestry hangings, there came toward us from one of the inner rooms a tall woman, superb in figure and in carriage, of that dark, commanding beauty which tradition has associated with the queens of tragedy. Regal also was her rich robe of a dark crimson—an Eastern fabric which clung about her closely and which threw into a dazzling relief the whiteness of her bared neck and arms. When Lilly spoke her name, Berengaria, it seemed to be a very part of herself; and I had a strange consciousness of having known her by it, and so intimately that I myself had called her by it, and of having been near her through some scorching trial of the spirit or of the flesh in some distant hot country in a faintly remembered past. But these thoughts were confused and uncertain: my nearest approach to real memories being of the soft whispering of a sea-wind among palm branches, and of a low murmur of distant surf—which gave a certain color to my vague yet strong conviction that our meeting-place, if ever truly we had met, had been a palm-grown island deep hidden in the waste reaches of a far-off tropic sea.

When Lilly introduced me to this stately lady, in conventional form, I was quite sure that for an instant there was a flash of recognition in her dark eyes. "I am very glad to meet you—really," she said; with a scarcely perceptible pause before the last word, and on that word a slight but peculiar emphasis.

"Then we *have* met—*unreally*," I answered, making my emphases and my pause

so marked as to be unmistakable. "And where—Berengaria?"

My voice, dropping almost to a whisper as I spoke her name, was so low that she alone heard my words; nor did Lilly, who had turned to greet another lady—also tall and stately, but fair, just then advancing from the curtained doorway—perceive our byplay. Again I saw—this time it was beyond question—a look of recognition in her eyes; and she perceptibly started, yet not with displeasure, as I spoke her name. I even fancied that for an instant there was a tremulous wavering of her beautiful hand, as though she were about to extend it to me; and with this a sudden softening of her manner, a yearning tenderness in her gaze, and on her face a look of tragic and piteously earnest appeal. But in another instant all this had passed—and she answered, speaking in the most conventional tone and with the most conventional smile: "Yes, of course, we have met *unreally* many times—in your books, you know. I am charmed to meet you thus really, and to have the chance to thank you for them—and my sister Magdalen will be charmed to thank you too."

The tall fair woman, turning from greeting Lilly, held out her hand to me—and her gesture was so easy and so cordial, although the whole of my introduction to her had been only Berengaria's few allusive words, that I was not surprised by perceiving in her eyes also a momentary gleam of recognition implying that we were old friends. And again arose in my mind a haunting memory of a place of a former meeting: but this time my association was with a lonely mountain-side, and moss-grown rocks, and the cool green twilight beneath close-growing pines.

The sisters were alike only in their tall and rounded figures and in their inscrutable dark eyes. Magdalen was a warmly rich blonde, with thick masses of golden-red hair in which shone gleaming copper tones—a woman of the perfect Venetian type that Titian loved. Her dress, low-cut and without sleeves, was a cream-white brocade. About her neck was a rope of pearls. "Come," she said, "you must see the music-room—the decoration is completed now."

She spoke as though I were an habitual



Drawn by George T. Tobin.

"A THICK-SET FELLOW . . . LURCHED AGAINST ME HEAVILY."

visitor there, and led me away—her hand slipped familiarly within my arm—with an assured air of taking me to see something in which I certainly should be interested because it was of interest to her.

All this while the soft music of the harp had continued, and the dream-like effect of the seductively sweet waltz measure made these curious realities seem the more unreal. As we entered the music-room the music ceased, and the harper smiled a greeting to me; as did also another lady who, listening, was half reclining in a deep cushioned chair. Neither of them rose, and their easily cordial welcome still more strongly implied that I was an intimate house friend. These women also were of a noble and stately type and were attired with a rich elegance; but I have of them no nearer approach to a distinct memory than that they both were dark.

"Zenobia has been longing to tell you how much she liked your last romance," said Magdalen; and added, "She and Salome read it aloud to us, you know."

"After all," said Zenobia, sweeping her hands very softly across the strings of her harp, "romance is better than reality; and sometimes I think that it is far more real. Romance we can make when and where we please, and in the way that most pleases us; but reality is thrust upon us—we cannot tell from where—without any regard to our feelings or our wishes, and is not truly ours at all." Again, under her lightly moving fingers, a faint strain of harmony was awakened in the soul of the harp.

"And in romance," Magdalen added, but in so low a voice that I alone could hear her words, "we may be our own perfect heroines: noble and pure in soul and in body, and free, wholly free, from sin." Even in her whisper her final words were uttered in a cadence of sorrow bitterly hopeless; and in her eyes—as she turned them toward me for a single instant—there was a look of heart-wearying despair.

Yet in the same breath, and in a tone so commonplace and so cheerful as almost to convince me that I had only thought the words which I had seemed so clearly to hear, she said, "Come, you must see the

library now"—and so slipped her hand within my arm again and led me away: seemingly forgetting that Zenobia's kindly opinion of my romance (and I confess that I wanted to hear it) still remained unexpressed. One of the strangest qualities of that strange night was the brevity and the incompleteness of its several minor scenes: as though some strongly constraining influence constantly were hurrying me onward to a goal that inevitably must be reached within a short and certain time.

We passed again into the antechamber hung with tapestry and decorated with ancient arms. Lilly and Berengaria had betaken themselves elsewhere—but not far away, as I could hear the sound of their voices from one of the near-by rooms.

"Stop a moment," said Magdalen. "I will show you something odd and horrible—at least, it always suggests very horrible possibilities to my mind." As she spoke, she drew aside the hangings and disclosed a large window. "Open it," she said, "and look down outside."

I raised the sash, and looked into what I perceived was a ventilating shaft in the heart of the great building. From its lowest depth—a prodigiously long way down through the misty darkness—a gleam of light that probably came from a basement window was reflected faintly and brokenly, as though from rippling water, and the murmur of rapidly flowing water came faintly to my ears. To me a deep well, or—still more intensely—the deep shaft of an abandoned mine where pumping long has ceased and the water has possession of the lower levels, is a thing of nightmare dread. I drew in from the window, shuddering.

"Ah, you feel about it as I do," said Magdalen. "Think what it would be to fall down and down and down through that thick gloom into the chill water—and then, in an instant, to be hurried away by the stream beneath the earth!" She was silent for a moment; and then added, yet rather as though she were thinking aloud than speaking to me, "Such a ghastly death!"

I closed the window, and as we turned away she continued: "It is one of the old streams which still flow on in their old

courses. There are many such here in New York, you know. This one flows through a culvert of its own, we have been told, to the East River. Its only real wickedness"—she affected a light tone—"is that it makes the lower floors damp; but I feel always"—again her tone had in it a note of dread—"as though it were a part of some dreadful crime." Her hand, resting upon my arm, trembled. She sighed heavily.

We went onward, through a short passageway, into a library filled to the ceiling with law-books. The room, a large one, was lighted only by a shaded lamp standing upon a table in the center. Sitting beside the lamp was a young man of five or six and twenty reading a law-book. Other law-books lay open upon the table, and more were ready to his hand upon the floor. He was smoking. As we entered the room, he rose, laying his book and cigar upon the table, and nodded to me with a pleasant smile.

"You know my son, I think," she said. I did not know him—but he seemed to know me, and spoke some commonplace words of polite welcome. That he should be the son of this woman, who certainly was not a day over thirty, was quite impossible; and their evident assumption that I understood the situation only made it the more bewildering.

"You really ought not to carry your books quite to the ceiling," I said. "It is ruinous, you know, to the bindings." I spoke these words, which happened to be the first that came into my head, simply to make conversation. The conditions were so unreasonable that I was eager for commonplace talk. Having uttered them, I felt that I had taken a considerable liberty in thus giving my unasked advice.

The young man, however, did not seem to regard the matter in that way. "Yes, I know," he answered, in a matter-of-course tone. "But I am crowded here, you see—and on the upper shelves I keep only reports."

"Have you nearly finished?" Magdalen asked.

"Almost," he replied; and then, turning to me, he explained politely: "It is a very curious murder case that I have got into, and mama is interested in it. Of

course, usually I don't touch that sort of thing. But this is off the common, and on its face quite impossible—a murder by a lady, a real lady, you know."

"I do not see why a murder committed by a lady should seem impossible," Magdalen said very earnestly. "Ladyhood is only a veneer. Under it are all the passions of womanhood: the love that can be betrayed, the hate that can plan and the fury that can execute revenge." She drew a deep breath. "It is matter for surprise, rather—when we reflect how many women, who also happen to be ladies, have just provocation to commit murder—that murders like this one are not heard of every day."

She spoke with so tragic an energy that there followed a moment of embarrassed silence. The young man evidently was both shocked and confused by her utterance; and for myself I knew not how to reply to what seemed to be almost a personal demand that women of the upper classes should be countenanced in wreaking murderous vengeance upon those who did them wrong.

Magdalen herself broke the silence. "Come," she said, smiling easily and speaking in an ordinary tone, "we must not interrupt this young gentleman's work. But of course I wanted you to see the room"—and her words and manner seemed again to assume that I was an intimate friend who naturally took a cordial interest in the arrangement of their home.

We retraced our steps through the passageway, and as we came again into the antechamber I heard the rumble of the elevator, and then the muffled noise of the opening of the door behind the hangings. Magdalen—also hearing these sounds—glanced quickly at a tiny jeweled watch in her bracelet and gave what I fancied was a little gasp of alarm. For an instant she leaned against me for support, while through her whole body there seemed to go a shuddering thrill. She did not speak—but she hastened our steps so sharply that we had crossed the antechamber, and were fairly within the music-room, before the hangings which covered the door to the elevator had moved aside.

Berengaria and Lilly were standing near the harp, in talk with the others. From

the little group, in what I knew was response to a signal given by Magdalen, Berengaria carelessly drew away and carelessly moved toward the draped doorway—and so out into the antechamber and beyond my sight. At the same moment I heard the faint sound of the door closing behind the hangings, and then the fainter rumbling of the elevator sliding down its shaft.

"Play something—and sing!" cried Magdalen, starting away from my side and speaking with a strangely intense earnestness: and instantly, as though in understanding of more than the open meaning of the words, Zenobia's fingers loudly swept the strings. Without further prelude—as though the need were urgent for ringing music that would drown some other sound—she and Salome broke out together into loud song: a Spanish song, as it seemed to me at first, and hauntingly familiar. Presently I recognized it clearly, and knew it to be a ballad that I had heard sung—years before, at Fratesti in Roumania—by a woman who had murdered her faithless lover, they told me, and thereafter had gone mad: a fierce story, fitly mated with fierce music, of wrong and hate and satisfied revenge. And these nobly beautiful women—so unlike the poor mad creature whom I remembered—sang it with as fierce an energy as though the story were their own.

From where I was standing, near the harp, I could not see through the doorway leading to the antechamber; but I knew by a subtle instinct, indefinable yet convincing, that something strange and dreadful was about to happen there. Magdalen, her figure rigid, her eyes burning with an exalted ferocity, I could see was listening intently for sounds, below or above the music, which should tell her of the beginning of this impending tragedy—and then the further conviction came to me that the first and the highest purpose of the music was to stimulate Berengaria to a desperate strength, and that only secondarily was it meant to drown betraying sounds.

Upon the wall opposite to the doorway hung a rarely large Venetian mirror: a splendid piece, which must have graced some gorgeous palace in its day—and so, no doubt, held latent in its deep soul the

fine adumbrant memory of burning loves and hates which furiously had perished (yet gladly, being satisfied) in the long-buried past. But the thought which sight of it then put into my mind was not of what passionate mysteries of old had been reflected brokenly by its curiously engraved surface, but of what it might help me to see of the passionate mystery which at that very moment, as I firmly was persuaded, was in action close at hand. And as this thought possessed me, I moved a half-dozen paces—slowly, and as though I desired only the more restfully to hear the music—to a chair that commanded the mirror, and through the mirror the doorway beyond.

When I first seated myself—resting my head upon my hand in such a way as to veil my straitly fixed regard—I saw only a part of the skirt of Berengaria's crimson robe: a blot of red against the gray-green of the tapestry that had the look of a splash of fresh dark blood. But in a moment she slowly moved backward—toward the wall on which hung the trophy of swords and daggers—until the whole of her stately figure was within my view.

As she receded, a man came forward, closely confronting her—a man of such sort that his presence in that place was a defiance alike of propriety and of possibility. He was a roughly dressed thick-set fellow, his head covered (such was his impudent assurance!) with a shabby hat cocked back and a little on one side. His face, heavy and coarse, was red as though from excess of drink; and overhanging his mouth was a thick mustache, stiffly curling, that still more strongly marked his type. I could not hear him speak—all this while the passionate music was filling the room with a tumult of fiercely urgent strains—and yet I knew with an absolute certainty that his voice was husky and that his jerky sentences were broken by rough oaths. In that gracious apartment, near to those gracious women, in the very presence of the superb Berengaria, his mere existence was an outrage.

Again Berengaria drew backward—moving slowly, but without pause, until she had the rack of swords and daggers directly at her back. As she slightly turned her head, seemingly to make sure of her

position, I saw on her face a look of the most bitterly scornful hate; and the man, in answer to this look, smiled so insolently that my blood boiled with anger and all my muscles grew tense for the spring that would bring me to my feet and within reach of him, and so give me a chance to choke down his insolence with a death-grip on his throat. But even as I formed this purpose—which in another moment would have been realized—I was constrained to quiescence by a subtle influence that resistlessly held me still. The music was rising louder and fiercer, as it surged forward to its climax of satisfied revenge.

And then, breathlessly, I perceived that Berengaria was moving her hand, hidden behind her, toward the rack of weapons—a cautiously slow motion

that the man evidently did not observe. He spoke again, but I could infer the insult of his words only from the sudden pallor that came over Berengaria's face. In the same instant she grasped the hilt of a long, thin dagger that hung low down on the rack, unsheathed. The music swelled louder and louder, the harp giving

forth a wondrous volume of sound, while the voices of the singers, rising in clear, strong tones, were charged with a furious energy of hate and rage.

Again the man spoke, and again he smiled with infinite insolence. That was his death-smile. For a single instant Berengaria looked down at him from her noble

height with a look of abhorrent scorn; and then—with a movement so swift and so strong that I saw only the flash of her white arm and the gleam of the flying steel—she struck the whole length of the dagger into his breast and he fell backward and away from my sight. As she delivered her stroke the music crashed into a tremendous finale in which the great organ joined suddenly with its full swell. And then the notes of the harp and the organ stopped short



Drawn by George T. Tobin.

" 'YES, THE WINE WAS SPILLED—THE WINE OF LIFE.' "

together, and the thrillingly urgent voices of the singers were still.

I sat as one entranced. Berengaria, recovering from her violent lunge forward, stood for a moment calmly erect and then came slowly to the doorway. As she moved forward I saw the dead man's feet, just showing, lolling limply apart.

"Magdalen, I want you for a moment," she said—speaking in the quiet tone that she would have used in asking assistance in the most trifling domestic affair. But there was a gleam of fierce elation in the look that went with her words; and Magdalen, evidently understanding the meaning of this look, answered it with a little exultant laugh.

"Play, Zenobia," she said as she crossed the room; and again—but in thrilling notes which told of triumph—the harp and the organ filled the apartment with a great outburst of melodious sound.

Magdalen and Berengaria passed out of my field of view in the mirror. Only the limply lolling feet of the dead man remained in sight. Presently these dead feet quivered, and then slowly moved backward until they wholly disappeared; and I knew that the two women, whose strength was in proportion to their stature, were dragging the body away. The music rose high and full and strong, telling always of victory: but through it I heard the slight scraping sound of an opening window; and then I seemed to hear—though this was a sound so faint and so uncertain that it may have been the creation of my fancy—the splash of something heavy falling into water a long way off.

Again the music ended in a triumphant outburst, and as it ceased Berengaria and Magdalen quietly reentered the room. At the same moment Lilly turned to me and said: "Come, Salome has arranged everything. We can get what we want now."

"Good night," said Berengaria, holding out her hand to me. Again there was the look of recognition deep in her dark eyes

—but this time it was elate, exultant, and seemed to ask that I should be a sharer with her in some great joy.

My eyes fell beneath her strong gaze—and so perceived a stain of deeper crimson on her crimson robe. As my glance rose again, quickly and questioningly, there was a troubled look upon her face. "It—it is an old stain," she said. "The wine was spilled."

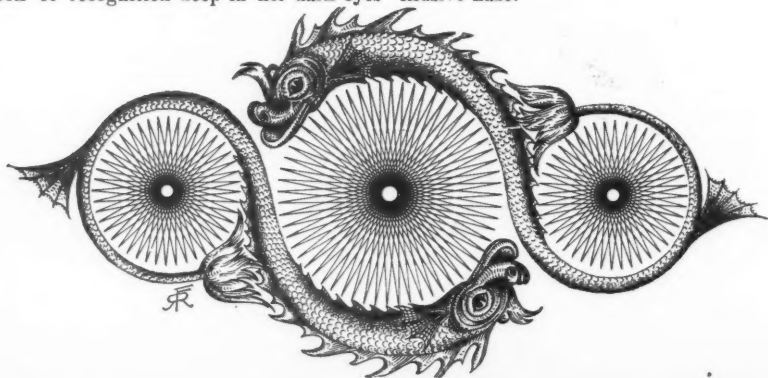
Magdalen moved toward us and paused close at Berengaria's side. As she withdrew a little, I saw that the dark stain was reimpresed in vivid red upon her white drapery.

"An old stain?" I questioned, speaking in the faintest whisper. "Yes, the wine was spilled—the wine of life! Good night, Berengaria."

"Come, the elevator is waiting," Lilly called to me—and in another moment we saw the vague outlines of the wrong side of the tapestry battle-piece before the door closed behind us; and then we were sliding swiftly downward and downward, while the cool wind dreamily played about us and the low whirr of the machinery sounded drowsily in our ears; and then we were passing through the garish entrance-hall, and the vapor-charged streets, and so back once more to the boarding-house parlor where was the old-fashioned furniture and where the old-fashioned picture hung; and then, after a dozen words with the widow, the matter was ended happily and the room secured.

"Come," said Lilly, touching me upon the shoulder. "It all is settled. You can take me home, now."

And together we went forth into the soft illusive haze.



THE WOMAN'S SIDE.

BY RAFFORD PYKE.

IN what way is a woman's marriage usually brought about? Of course, one may give a flippant and very easy answer to this question by saying—"Oh, in all sorts of ways!"—But the inquiry merits a more serious treatment than this. Marriage is confessedly the most profoundly important event in a woman's life. It is an event to which she is always looking forward, from the days of her very girlhood. The modification of her life and character resulting from it is vital and far-reaching. The happiness or unhappiness which it brings to her affects her whole existence ever after. Hence, it is worth while to consider just how it is, under the present conditions of our social system, that the average woman arrives at a decision which both is fraught with infinite possibilities to herself, and is indirectly linked with the general welfare of society.

In this question are bound up the solutions of many puzzles that have vexed all students of the phenomena of marriage. Volumes have been written about the psychology of the marriage relation, about its perplexities and problems, and its strain and stress, yet few investigators have appeared to see that the really difficult question is not the one which has to do with marriage after it has been consummated, but the one which relates to the circumstances and the conventions which precede the union. Indeed, these are the only matters that are interesting to a philosophical observer. Any child knows that a lighted match when brought into contact with a heap of gunpowder will cause an explosion. What one ought to ask, after the explosion occurs, is not a theoretical question relating to the characteristics of gunpowder, but a practical question as to how on earth the match and the gunpowder ever came to be in contact. A scientific physician does not spend his time in treating symptoms, but he rather attacks the malady of which the symptoms are the direct result and indication. So if two persons, admirably adapted to each other, are supremely happy in their marriage, or if two persons, utterly unsuited to each other, are infinitely wretched, we ought not to experience surprise at the respective

results, but rather ask ourselves just how the first two individuals came together, and by what chance or evil influence the other two were so unfortunate as ever to have dreamed that they were fitly mated. Or, to put the whole thing briefly: Why do so many women marry the wrong man? Answer this question and you will have arrived at something definite and fundamental.

In attempting to answer it, we must consider the case of the usual, rather than that of the exceptional, woman. Those women who belong to the very small set whose wealth and imported traditions make both their training and their environment something quite apart from the ordinary, need not here be taken into account. The women, too, whose lives are dedicated to toil, who have from childhood been brought face to face with the grim realities of life, and who therefore have learned many things which their more fortunate sisters seldom come to know—these also may be left out of our discussion.

Let us, then, take the average American young girl, the one who represents so many thousands of others, and let us see just how it is that she glides into matrimony. She has been well brought up in a comfortable home. Her parents are neither rich nor poor. She has received the usual education. She has had a happy, uneventful childhood; her friends are those whose home-life has been precisely like her own; and finally, when she reaches the age of eighteen or twenty, she is regarded as "grown up" and ready to take a woman's place in her own small world. She is just the average girl, not brilliant but with a good mind; not pretty, perhaps, but with at least a share of the *beauté du diable*, which consists in the attractive combination of health, good spirits, freshness of feeling, and florescent youth. As yet she is absolutely superficial. Nothing has ever touched in her the chords of deep emotion. She lives from day to day, enjoying each simple pleasure as it comes. Her careless thoughts are all of trivial things. She chatters deliciously about infinitesimal atoms of incident—her talk is the very star-dust of conversation. Of life

as it really is, she knows no more than a kitten or a humming-bird. It all looks roseate to her—a gleaming vista full of prismatic promise—and she views it through the golden mist of hope. She is credulous, confiding, and utterly without experience. In fact, in all the world there is nothing half so exquisite as she—and nothing so ineffably pathetic.

Presently there comes into her existence the inevitable man. She has expected him for years. All girls expect him. They wonder about him vaguely, and they see him in their day-dreams as a curiously undefined but intensely interesting possibility. Their ignorance of love, the very mystery of it, piques them and makes anticipation keener. Courtship, marriage—these things they hear spoken of as the crowning joy of a woman's life; and the romances they read are full of the most wonderful variations upon one endless theme. Yet the thoughts and the day-dreams of the normal girl are wholly innocent. They are free from even the faintest tinge of eroticism. They are to the girl of eighteen what fairy-stories are to the child of ten—radiant, marvelous, and unreal. They are in the background always; they do not dominate her fancy nor even hold it long. They represent, at the most, only a latent consciousness as yet not fully wakened into life.

And when the actual man arrives, the man who in some special way makes her aware that she is singled out by him from other girls—then what a flutter she is in! This preference of his may be very slightly indicated—a little longer call than usual, a touch of earnestness in what he says, a confidence exchanged,—yet this is quite enough. The vagueness vanishes from out her day-dreams and what was before indefinite becomes defined. She, too, just like the girls in books, has found some one to think of her, some one to whom her presence makes a difference, some one who listens to her words with a keener interest than ordinary courtesy demands. What an epoch in a young girl's life is the first box of flowers from *him*, the first dance with *him*, the first little casual letter from *him*! She blushes and dimples with innocent delight, and she holds her head higher among her friends, and smiles radiantly at all the world.

But is it love? By no means; nor, if you analyze it, is it anything like love. The man may be the veriest stick; the things he says and does may be inane to a degree; he may be one who never could appreciate her or appeal to anything within her that lies below the surface of her inexperienced and untrained girlhood. He may, indeed, have absolutely nothing in common with her real self, the self that is still sleeping, that has not yet been awakened. What is it, then, if it be not love? Why, first of all, it is simple vanity—the innocent, unconscious vanity of the very young girl, flattered by the thought that she, like other girls, has found some one to admire her. Her feeling is, in the main, objective. She likes her girl friends to perceive that she has been sought out, that she can please, that she is able to attract. Then there is the pleasure of possession. It is such a novel, delightful thing to know that there is some one to whom she can give orders with a pretty assumption of authority. It gratifies her to be certain that she is conferring a treasured favor when she accepts an invitation, or sits out a dance or two, or promises to be at home at some particular hour. She dimly and deliciously experiences something of the power of sex, and her woman's instinct is charmed when she first learns to exercise it. Yet even though, in a way, she may idealize the man, it is not in reality the man himself as such for whom she cares. It is rather the new interest which he has brought into her life, and there is very little in this interest that is absolutely personal. She is not, I say, in love; and the proof of it is that if instead of one admirer she has several, she finds precisely the same pleasure in the society of each and all of them, for each and all of them alike appeal to the purely superficial qualities of her woman's nature. The excitement is wholly pleasurable; the gaiety and the fun are still almost the gaiety and the fun of childhood. There is not the slightest shade of seriousness about it, much less the possibility of passion and of pain. It is the young bird essaying its first short flight and fluttering its untried wings in the buoyant air amid the brilliant sunshine of a warm spring day.

After a time it may be that this casual

and half-careless attention passes imperceptibly into formal courtship, and marriage is proposed. Then, perhaps, the girl begins to think more seriously of what it means. Yet what it really means she cannot know. Indeed, how should she? She believes herself to be in love. The feeling that she has for the man who courts her is wholly new in her experience. Her pride in being sought, the novelty of the situation, the interest which her friends display in the affair, the sense of importance which it gives her—these things create in her a pleasurable excitement such as she has never known before, and she is quite convinced that it must indeed be love. And then the man who wishes her to be his wife. She likes him,—she is sure of that. It is very agreeable to go about with him, to talk with him, to accept his admiration. Undoubtedly this must be love, the love of which she reads and of which she used to dream. The thought of going on through life in just this pleasant way with a companion who will also be protector, friend and husband, is thoroughly attractive. She cares much more for him than she has ever cared for any one; and so, again, this must be love. The preparations for her marriage are so interesting, too,—the daintiness of her trousseau, the shower of gifts, the selection of the guests, the ceremonial itself, the plans for her new home, the stir and animation and interest of it all, appeal to her so very strongly that she is once again convinced that what she feels is love. Sometimes, perhaps, a curious little instinct deep down in her nature makes her hesitate when she is quite alone. Just the faintest shadow of reluctance, like the passing of a tiny cloud across the summer sky, comes over her at these rare moments, and she wonders. It may be that in her thoughts she even doubts; because a strangely subtle intuition comes to her of the gravity of what she is about to do. Yet this intuition is so indefinite and it seems so utterly unreasonable! If she ever speaks of it to a cherished friend, it is only laughed at; and she is told that it is maiden shyness—nothing more. Yes, surely it is that; for all things are quite as they ought to be, and moreover is she not in love?

Poor little victim of pathetic inexperience! It is not long before she understands

too well just what that faint instinctive stirring of distrust was meant to tell her. The actualities of marriage find her wholly unprepared. Whatever she may have thought, whatever she may have heard, whatever she may have half divined, are nothing, nothing. A month transforms her from a careless girl into a clear-eyed, conscious woman, face to face with a reality which sometimes may be beautiful, but which is sometimes joyless and too often hideous. It is not alone the intimacies of her new life that she has to face and to accept. It is the daily, hourly revelation of things that never came to her before, even in imagination. Most of all, it is the revelation of character, the character of the man to whose life her own is linked; and, what is often far more startling, the revelation of her own true self. Then, for the first time, she knows her husband as he really is. The veil is drawn aside; her dream of a peaceful, lifelong friendship vanishes. Whatever marriage may come to mean, it never can be friendship,—only friendship. It must be infinitely more, or infinitely less. She sees that her life henceforth is not her own and that her happiness is not to be of her own making. This is the time when, if she be not wooed and won again—and now quite surely and forever—her future can be only dreariness; and now she learns whether she can go on with deep contentment, surrounded by the tenderness of perfect love, or whether she must teach herself endurance to the end. How do women pass through the first crisis of their marriage when they definitely come to know that they are cold where others would be ardent, that they are full of strange reserves when love would have overwhelmed them with the indescribable joy of self-abandonment? Marcel Prévost has rather cynically written down an answer to this inquiry, an answer which must be translated with discretion:

Do they overcome their repugnance by reason of their natural inertia, or through a certain vague and wanton curiosity, or merely because of a simple-minded desire to have a home of their own and to be called "Madame"? In the last analysis, I fancy that with many young girls the fear of a strange man is not so great as rumor would have us all believe, and as those who are themselves supremely sensitive have imagined. Many young girls have no innate modesty. Modesty is something that has

been taught to them as a general principle in the established order of things,—for instance, that a woman who yields loses thereby her vantage-ground. But they experience no anxiety from the moment when their self-abandonment receives a formal recompense, when social usages have been respected, and when they themselves are sure that they are acting as does everybody else. Yes, we must admit that these rather inadequate reasons suffice with the great majority of brides. They do "as everybody else does."

There is some truth in what Prévost has written here; but the chief objection to be made is that he does not discriminate. Of married women there are three distinct and different groups. First come the few who are so fortunate as to find in marriage the true blossoming of the love which they merely fancied they had felt before. To them, since they are fitly mated, the husband is the perfect lover, and marriage the gate to paradise on earth. His devotion encircles, his deference charms, his strength sustains, his passion thrills. Each day as it passes creates new ties, new interests, and a still more perfect understanding. Love's lesson is learned to the very last strange and subtle word, and the learning of it is infinitely sweet.

But there are some who wake to find no trace of happiness remaining from their dreams. Sensitive, high-strung, and intense, the only thing that marriage teaches them is the awfulness of a union where there exists no harmony of soul. It is the wrong man whom each of them has come to know. He may be faithful and good,—even a model in his way. He may be kind, and he very likely is well-meaning; but he is all wrong just the same, and perhaps it is his very virtues that oftentimes inspire the deepest shuddering in his wife. What is it that proclaims the fitness of a particular man for a particular woman? Only the woman's heart, which either answers him with an exultant throb, or sinks like lead at his approach. And if it does not answer, and if it sinks and shudders, then there is no possible appeal, no reasoning that will avail. Then marriage is a source of bitterness and there is no help. The women who have been most prominent in prating of their sex's "rights," and who have most vigorously denounced the tyrant man, are usually of this class. Their lives are restless and unhappy. They flit about, beset by an eternal need of something which they

are unable to define. They hate the social order as it is, since it has brought them only disappointment and disgust. Hence they cry out loudly against marriage and against the "man-made" laws and customs which have made the marriage-relation mean the merging of a woman's separate life and interests in her husband's. This attitude of theirs is really personal to themselves. Its ultimate explanation is wholly physiological. They are women who have been mismated—who have married the wrong man; so that their outcry is merely the echo of their own domestic discontent. Show me the most intense, the most neurotic, the most restless and denunciatory of the strenuous sisterhood, and I will show you a woman who, had she but felt upon her wedding-day the warm, magnetic touch of one who was physically and psychically her rightful mate, would have been the most submissive, soft-voiced, and adoring wife, serene and happily quiescent with the infinite content which comes when both the senses and the soul are satisfied.

But the great majority of women are neither happy in their wedded life nor yet unhappy. They have failed most wretchedly, yet they are not aware of it. Just as, before they married, they imagined that they had felt the touch of love, so now they fancy that they have attained to all there is in marriage. They "do as everybody else does," and if they find that life is colorless and tame, they just accept it as their lot and as being the lot of all the rest. They have their compensations—the home of which they used to think so hopefully, and perhaps children in whom they find a consolation for their disillusionment. Sometimes they wonder what it is that they have lost or whether there is anything which others know and which they have not known themselves. The memory of their old romantic dream comes back to them at intervals. Perhaps they feel vague longings for something to which they cannot give a name. But they do their duty, and they sink at last into a dull, commonplace existence until they reach the age when nothing matters any more. A clever English writer has said that once at least to every married pair there comes a moment when they look into each other's eyes and

feel a ghastly recognition of the fact that they must always be together, month after month, year after year, until life shall end for one or both of them. I think it is oftenest the wife who has this flash of miserable consciousness, and I think she has it very many times. Yet still, she never really knows precisely what is wrong with her, unless perhaps some day she meets the Other Man, the man she did not marry, who could have given her the joy that she has never known. When this befalls, the grayness of her life takes on a somber hue and deepens into gloom; for what before was only an unconscious pathos is now transmuted into conscious pain.

Why is it, then, that the highest happiness comes only to a small fraction of women who are married, while the rest experience all degrees of disappointment, from lassitude to loathing? It is most of all because, although our Anglo-Saxon freedom permits a perfect liberty of choice, this choice is made in so haphazard a fashion and it is so utterly the accident of propinquity and inexperience, as to be no choice at all; for only an intelligent, instructed exercise of the will deserves that name. Hence, with all its obvious defects, the French system of parental selection is not to be condemned, for it assures at least a knowledge of the world. Neither in France nor in America is the average young woman really free to marry whom she will. In France, she marries at the bidding of her parents; in America she marries at the bidding of her ignorance. In neither case is the choice really hers.

Yet how are women ever going to know? How can they ever hope to understand the difference between the mere flutterings of girlish emulation, and the great elemental throb which rends the soul with the birth-pangs of immortal love? If it were possible to effect a compromise between the system which prevails in France and that which finds its fullest illustration in America, perhaps some good might be attained. Were the consent of both her parents made a legal requisite in the marriage of any woman under twenty-five years of age, then many foolish and inevitably joyless marriages would be avoided. Yet American parents are so easy-going, so indulgent, so under the domination of their children,

and moreover most of them are so devoid of anything resembling real enlightenment in matters such as these, that the remedy would not be very widely efficacious.

The heart of the whole subject lies elsewhere than in a half-solution such as this. The Anglo-Saxon theory that a woman should marry only when she loves, is essentially a sound one. When two persons marry for love, of course it does not follow that they will be happy. But it is true that they will possess the possibility of happiness and that if they do not make this possibility an actuality, then the fault is not the fault of fate nor of external circumstances, but a fault for which they are themselves alone responsible. Moreover, it is true that without love no such possibility exists. Hence, the one vital point is that women should in some way be enabled to distinguish between the mere liking that means nothing, and the love that lasts. Only by the exercise of such discrimination can they cease to be, as they are now, the sport of chance.

Mr. Norman Hapgood, in an essay on the ever-interesting subject of platonic friendships, makes the point that friendships touched with sentiment should be encouraged between young women and the men they know. In a friendship such as this, he says, the woman acquires poise and gets experience that will in the end make her discriminating. She will rid herself of the girlish notion that all men are equally desirable, that the question of love and marriage is a question of "*a* man" rather than of "*the* man." By falling in and out of love, by testing and comparing, she will at last become an expert who makes no mistakes. Some such theory as this has been put into practise, so I have heard, in certain sections of the South where an ambiguous sort of relation such as Mr. Hapgood has in mind is generally recognized. When a woman is said to be "*engaged*," a fine distinction is drawn between that particular condition and being "*engaged to be married*." She who is merely "*engaged*" is just experimenting. She lets herself be loved and she gives herself a certain length of time in which to find out whether she is able to respond sufficiently to justify her in going on to marriage. If not, she

takes another clinical fiancé and her education still continues. No doubt this process is decidedly effectual in teaching women certain things which they have never known before; but while it makes them better able to discern what marriage means, it can hardly make them worthier to be married—or indeed more willing to be married; for marriage would presumably put an end to their experiments, and it is likely that in many instances experimentation passes with them into an emotional habit hard to break. Some time ago, I came upon these sentences written by a lady who appears to have devoted some attention to the subject:

Supposing that I am tremendously interested in a clever man, and that it seems to me that I wish to gain his esteem, and later, his devotion (for the one gained, the other is assured); am I going to plump out to him the humiliating fact that, while he is charming and while I am very much interested in him, I have really had many such experiences before, and that if I had been satisfied with each friend I made, and had gone no further, I should never have met him? And, as the history of the past is the history of the future, the prospect is, that as I progress in thought, I may meet another man of whom I am anxious to learn, as I was of him? . . .

It may be possible for a woman such as I have described, to meet her Waterloo. Each man, I suppose, thinks more leniently of her past experiences, than he does of her future ones. Her past ones may be the successive steps which have led her to where she has found him. There is nothing unflattering to his vanity in this reflection. But to be one of the steps upon which she climbs to a more satisfactory relation? What man could think with composure on the probability of such a result? Yet he should know that such a friendship is as educative to one as to the other, and that any man who could win her away from him, would be a man who had an experience to offer her that she needed; and he, if he goes on improving, and does not dwarf his growth by cherishing bitterness, will find a rich experience waiting for him; and will be the more ready to profit by it from the education which he has just received at her hands.

These utterances seem to carry Mr. Hapgood's theory to a logical *reductio ad nauseam*. Could anything be more utterly revolting and detestable than the view set forth above? It looks at life as being nothing but a series of emotional excitements, pursued according to a conscious system, and

utterly destructive of everything that makes for constancy and purity of soul. Far better is it that women should make infinite errors through innocence and inexperience, than that they should attain to a knowledge of good and of evil by perverting all that is noblest in their natures. If there were no answer to the question save this answer, it were better to be silent altogether.

But, fortunately, this is not the sole alternative. The woman who hesitates upon the brink of marriage can test the quality of what she calls her love, without cheapening herself or seeking knowledge from an unsexed promiscuity. If she wishes to be certain that there has come into her life the love which holds the key to happiness in marriage, let her first ask of herself the question whether she is conscious of the slightest hesitation, the faintest shadow of a doubt. If she is, then this in itself is quite conclusive; for when love really enters into any human heart, it utterly annihilates all doubt, all hesitation, and all fear. Love is a mighty conqueror and it knows no rival. We all have heard the ancient maxim that a woman's "no" means often "yes"; but there never was a time when, if a woman really loved, she would not speak her "yes" with most unhesitating frankness and pride and gratitude and joy.

But there still remains a higher test. The very last thing that a woman will give up is what she calls her pride. This in her is the inheritance of centuries, the tradition of past ages, the strongest of all barriers in the fortress of her heart. Now if she wishes to be absolutely certain of the depth and strength of what she feels, let her consider, if it were a question either of giving up her pride or of letting the man she cares for go out of her life forever, whether she would be willing to declare her love to him before he himself had asked her for it. If at the thought of such a thing her very soul revolts, then she may be assured that what she feels is not yet love. For the last and surest test of love, —the test that never fails—is the sacrifice of pride.





In the Queen's Garden.

BY CLINTON DANGERFIELD.

Radiant with the wealth of ripened bloom,
Redolent of fine perfumes lightly curled
Above the gleaming fountain's curved

spray,

Lay the Queen's Garden, and Edenic
world.

Throbbled the rich bosom of the velvet rose,
And to the golden panniered gossip bee

She whispered, "Know'st thou whom the
Queen will choose?"

And he made instant answer, "Whom but

thee?"

But I who saw the lily in its high

And flawless pride, was sure the Queen

would break

That royal flower, save that she might clasp

Yon slumberous poppy, for a dream's dear

sake.

She came—in brilliance like the summer

sun.

Ah me, how Fortune doth all things allow

To one! Now for her haughty choice! She

stoops,

As one might bend above a dead child's

brow.

And passion-pale I hear her murmur low—

"Thou little flower! God doth to me allot

Thy healing." In her breast she softly lays,

Wet with her tears, a slight forget-me-not!

REVERDY'S REVOKE

BY FRANCIS WILLING WHARTON

PART II.

IT was a strange time that followed. In the first week of it, Henrietta saw Reverdy many times. He came twice and asked her to drive with him, and found her sitting with Mrs. Marchmont, who looked on with puzzled eyes as she heard the slight excuse that Henrietta thought it sufficient to give him. He came a third time in the late afternoon and asked her to let him row her over to the island, to see the sunset on the water; but she had some engagement, she told him; and, standing on the wide piazza looking up at him, she felt her heart die within her as he turned away. Every day she met him, at Polly's, at the Wetheringhams', in the little round of meetings Honora's coming had raised. He sought her, he stood by her, he tried to make her talk to him, and when she turned from him and included Phil or Tim or even Paul in their talk, he would at last leave her side and stand beside his hostess, his habitual satire sharpened to a point that made Polly pet him—she understood the mood; but Mrs. Wetheringham, alarmed, would pour honey on his words to drown their sting.

And Henrietta, feeling suddenly that her misery was becoming intolerable, begged her mother to let her spend a week with her aunt, who lived at the other side of the neighboring town. Mrs. Marchmont packed her trunk and sent her off with a longing question in her eyes, but not one word on her lips, and her daughter thanked her as mutely, but with something in the pressure of her arms that comforted her mother's heart.

She was away one week, in which she learned how much more difficult it is to shake off such a feeling as governed her than it is to slide into the power of it.

However, she had had her moment's breathing-space and it was no one's fault but her own if she had drawn so little strength from it, and she felt that it was now time she took up life again on ordinary lines. It was in accord with this resolution that, just two weeks from the day of Polly's party, Henrietta stood on the Gordons' piazza, looking down on the bright-colored crowd below.

It was a strange old gloomy house that reared its head behind her, built of dark-gray stone, the piazza so hung about with vines that it had the coolness and almost the gloom of a cavern, and at her feet the slender strip of velvet lawn was banked in by the imposing branches of a fir-wood. The ground dropped abruptly away on one side into a series of gardens, and most of the guests took their way there, for the house with its wood got on most people's nerves.

Henrietta stood looking about her with an air of indifference that sat strangely on her young figure. Within, she had a kind of apprehensive ache. When she saw Reverdy, he in all likelihood would avoid her; she had come only to vindicate her courage to herself, and prove to him that she was no longer occupied with any thought of him. She would find her usual allies, Phil and Tim; she would laugh with them again as she had done before their brother turned out of his path to notice her. And at this moment she saw Honora, who, separating herself from the people she was with, came toward her. She stood below in the gravel path and looked up at the overhanging porch.

"Come down from your balcony, Juliet," she said, laughing. "Polly is having tea near the tent. Let us join her." She

looked at the girl's downcast face as she walked beside her. "How did you enjoy your visit?" she asked. "This neighborhood has had a visitor also—Charles Reverdy's old flame, Mrs. Anderson."

"Mrs. Anderson?" repeated Henrietta.

"Did you never hear of her? She jilted him for Anderson and his money, and now that Anderson is dead, she thinks she would like Charles after all, since she has the money too." Honora finished with a hard little laugh, and the girl beside her remained silent.

They walked toward the white tent on the edge of the lawn, where the tea was, and, as they reached it, were suddenly part of an animated group of which the center was Polly and a pretty woman to whom Henrietta instantly fitted a name.

She sat beside Polly, with a circle of men about them, and every one was laughing and every one was gay, and that she was pretty was only half of it. She had a charming dress, some indefinite mauve and gray; she had a manner of such assured enjoyment that it was infectious; and she had very wide-open blue eyes that served the double purpose of a weapon and a charm.

Henrietta, approaching with lagging feet, took in the picture in its every detail and fullest meaning, as one does when one's senses are sharpened by a bad night and a headache. But life is made of mixed stuff, and one instant after she had had the image of Reverdy sitting in the grass at this woman's feet, she saw him rise to his feet with a spring and approach her. She stood still instinctively, though Honora sat down by Polly.

"You are late," said Reverdy. "Where have you two been wandering?"

She looked up at him, unconscious how much her face expressed. She thanked him for so gallantly continuing his courtesies after her rebuffs, thanked him and freed him from any obligation to go on—all in one look.

He did not wait for her to speak; her eyes dropped under his.

"May I drive you home?" he went on. "May I?"

She turned a little from him, her color rising slightly.

"Thank you," she said, "but I—I sail back with John."

Reverdy bowed in silence, and Henrietta passed into the tent with Phil, who had taken her arm and drawn her eagerly along, asking a dozen questions and supplying most of the answers.

Reverdy started at the sound of a mocking voice addressing him.

"And who, may I ask, is John?" said Mrs. Anderson.

He dropped down on the grass beside her and looked into her eyes, that softened as they met his.

"John," he said, "is Miss Marchmont's brother."

She laughed.

"Really! No man is a prophet in his own country, Charles!" she smiled into his eyes. "If you will come with me to Hampton next week, I'll promise you shall not find young ladies preferring their brothers' society to yours. But come," she added, rising—"come and show me these wonderful gardens they all talk so much of. Where are they?"

He followed her, and side by side they took their way across the lawn to where the flaming poppies and late summer flowers held their own, amid the box hedges of the garden. Henrietta, sitting with her tea-cup on her knee, and Paul and Phil attendant, watched them until they disappeared amid the shrubs.

"It is really a pretty garden, isn't it?" began Mrs. Anderson. "I didn't expect it to be, Charles." She looked up at him and smiled. "I came to have a talk with you." She spoke with charming frankness. "I've so much to say and so much to hear still, and we get so little chance to be alone. By the way," she added, "will you drive me, in default of Miss Marchmont?"

He put his hands in his pockets and leaned his back against a little wicket-gate; if there was one thing he hated, it was to be taken possession of.

"Delighted," he said, "if you don't mind a snail's pace. I drive a farm-horse rejoicing in the name of Trudge."

She laughed.

"My dear boy," she said, "are you still at the mercy of the crops? Have you never got a decent riding-horse yet?"

"Never," replied Reverdy; "and it doesn't look as if I ever should."

Mrs. Anderson picked a *Cosmos* and brushed it against her lips.

"A farm doesn't make money, does it, Charles?" she went on. "Aren't you—aren't you tired of being poor?"

Reverdy looked at the flower as it quivered in her fingers.

"Monstrous tired," he answered, "but it is my lot. Did you never know I was born on a Saturday? Saturday's child works hard for its living."

She laughed, all the hardness gone out of her eyes.

"But not all his life long!" she said. "Surely he can rest in his old age, Charles? Would you?"—she hesitated long enough to give the words a meaning that brought a color to his dark cheek—"would you like to be rich?"

He turned as though to consider, and looked out over the sea of flowers.

"I suppose I should," he answered slowly. "I don't believe I know what the word means any more. I used to have it as a definite goal, but of late I have grown satisfied with relative values—I am richer than most of my neighbors."

With her eyes on the profile he turned to her, she began again.

"The grind of it," she urged—"surely you are tired of that! Wouldn't you like a holiday, Charles? Come and pay me a visit—a long visit. I have a boat, did you know it? Not a catboat either"—her charming smile filled her eyes—"it's seventy feet over all. And we can go on a cruise. Come. I go home on Monday. What do you say?"

Reverdy turned and looked at her. She dropped her eyes on the flower which she still held, and waited.

"It sounds delightful," he said slowly, "but I've got my hay only half in and—and—"

"You hard-headed farmer!" she broke in, her color rising though she laughed. "Don't decide. Think it over. I'd take you anywhere you liked. I often spend weeks on her. But leave it unsettled.—What's that?"

It was a low growl of distant thunder. Reverdy gave a keen glance up at the sky overhead and then at the horizon.

"It won't be long in coming," he said. "We had best be getting on. But don't

you think you had better take the covered carriage and throw me over—again?" He broke into a laugh; in which she joined, but with a difference.

Her color had risen charmingly. "If you knew——" she began, then stopped. "No, let the past go," she went on; "but I'll stand by you this time, Charles, through——"

"At least through a thunder-storm," finished Reverdy, with the slight jeer his voice had known so often in the last ten years. "Come, then; I'll get the cart," and they walked back to their hostess.

People were saying hurried good-bys, the black clouds were gathering fast and the gardens were emptying rapidly. As Reverdy and Mrs. Anderson reached Mrs. Gordon, he noticed that Phil and Tim were disputing beside her.

Their brother turned to them. "What are you two fighting about?" he said.

"Why, Henrietta——" began Tim. Phil looked sulky.

Reverdy touched his brother's shoulder. "What about Henrietta?" he asked.

"She wouldn't let me go with her," Phil grunted out. "I say Tim sha'n't if I can't."

"Go with her?" repeated Reverdy.

"Yes, sail with her," explained Tim. "She is sailing with John. He's wild in a boat and I don't like to have her out with him in this storm. We'll have a squall, perhaps. Phil's no better than a lubber. That's why she wouldn't let him go, I guess. If he had told me!" He ended with an oburgation of his brother.

"I see," said Reverdy. "How long has she been gone?"

His brother stared at him. "Not long. I don't believe she is off yet."

"Well, then, I'll follow her." Reverdy's tones were decided. "You boys drive Trudge home. Do you understand? She can't go home with that lubber alone." He gave one short nod that enforced his commands, and joined Mrs. Anderson where she stood waiting.

"My dear Clara," he began. "I am very sorry—the rain will be here in no time. You had better go home with——"

"My dear Charles," she retorted. "I prefer to get wet."

He set his teeth.



Drawn by C. M. Kelgen.

"HENRIETTA TOOK IN THE PICTURE IN ITS EVERY DETAIL."

"Well, I'll come for you our next shower," he answered, "but I can't drive you this afternoon; I have got to go home another way. Forgive me, but it's all your gain."

Her eyes unsheathed their weapon.

"I don't understand," she said. "You drive some one else?"

He gave an impatient laugh. "How likely!" he returned. "No; the boys take Trudge home. I go with a man who isn't sailor enough to be safe in the coming squall."

Her quick wits worked.

"Oh, with John?" They faced each other.

"Yes, with John," returned Reverdy.

"I didn't know this was a life-saving station," she laughed; "I thought it was a garden-party. I don't wonder you haven't time for holidays if you police the whole district. Good-by." She gave him a little nod and walked away, and Reverdy, with a light heart, turned on his heel and started for the shore.

It was through the little wood first, and as he entered it he started on a trot. He breathed the heavy, storm-laden air as though it were an elixir. He felt young again, young as he had not been for many years.

That woman was what he had wanted to tie himself to! He had been fool enough to believe all women were like her. That lovely young creature he was flying to—like her!

A vision of her face as she had looked up at him in the garden sprang to his eyes, and he quickened his pace. *She* would not despise his farm; she would even take an interest in the potato-crop! He laughed again. His farm—that woman would buy him away from it, would she? Not a bit of it; he loved every acre of it. Give it up and lie round in a yacht and drink and eat and make a fool of himself? Never!—and Reverdy had reached the downward slope of the meadow. There lay the little catboat, her sail up, her nose tied to the wharf, and Henrietta in it with her brother. Memory gave an extra fillip to Reverdy's fears, and he ran down the bank and along the wharf, and arrived just as Marchmont had sheered off. It was only a distance of four or five feet as yet; his mind had been

made up as he approached them; and Reverdy leaped the distance and landed with a thud in the boat.

There was an instant in which the brother and sister stared at him; then he sat down beside Henrietta.

"I came," he said, looking smilingly into her eyes, "because I was afraid that when you got out in the bay and the storm broke, you might have your hands full. Will you forgive me if I am in the way?"

The girl had dropped her eyes; she raised them and met his look, her color deepening slowly.

"Marchmont," the young man went on, turning to the black-browed, frowning steersman, "I beg your pardon for my unceremonious arrival, but there wasn't time to talk, and I thought you might need another hand; after the rain comes, there may be squally weather."

Marchmont stared sullenly ahead of him.

"I know all about the weather," he answered. "Hetty is a good hand; we don't need any one."

Reverdy gave a short, good-humored laugh. "You won't ask me to swim ashore, will you?" he said—"though I doubt if I'd get much wetter than we shall anyhow. There'll be rain—Miss Marchmont, won't you stow your pretty hat before it comes?" He held out his hand for it. She took off the fluff of lace and flowers she wore and he slipped it in the cabin and brought her a rubber coat.

"Do," he said gently, as she shook her head, and with a sudden gracious movement she slipped it on and buttoned it.

Silence fell on them, born of their conditions. Henrietta's mind was filled too full of conflicting thoughts for speech, Reverdy was growing momentarily more anxious as he watched the stiffening breeze, and Marchmont was rapt in the solitude one stage of drinking can bring. There came a puff that sent the water into the boat. Reverdy glanced at the sheet, securely fastened, and at Marchmont, who was crowding her in a way that threatened her chance to recover if the wind increased.

"I'd ease her off a little if I were you," he said, touching the other man's knee, for he had paid no attention to Reverdy's existence since they started.

Marchmont turned on him. "I know



Drawn by C. M. Kelge.

"REVERDY SPRANG ON HIM."

you would," he answered roughly, "but I wouldn't! This is the way I like to sail. You Reverdy boys are too damned cautious."

Reverdy felt his rage rising, but remembered he was not there to lose his temper.

"How well do you swim?" he asked the girl beside him. They rounded into the bay from the inlet as he spoke, and she looked over the white-capped waters.

"Fairly," she answered. "I am a better sailor than swimmer. I can manage the boat very well when John will let me, and I often take her out alone. Do ease her off, John," she added, softly. "We don't want to capsize."

"Go to the devil!" said Marchmont. "You wouldn't say a word if Reverdy wasn't putting you up to it. You are passengers, you two," he added, meeting Reverdy's eyes with his bloodshot, dark gaze that had no possible look of his sister in it, "and you must keep quiet and let the captain run the ship."

There was silence among them as they bowled over the water, getting farther and farther from the friendly shore.

Henrietta watched the scene with a beating heart. She looked from Reverdy's

frowning brow to her brother's set countenance, and out on the waters whipped into foam about the boat, and caught her breath hard. She did not want to drown—now.

Reverdy sat, his hands idle on his knees, watching the rail as it buried and the water ahead of them, his brows drawing together, his lips pressed into a hard line each time the boat jumped and shuddered under a puff of wind.

Suddenly he leaned forward, his eyes fixed on the line of ruffled water ahead of them. Henrietta felt her heart leap, and then sink, for the young man's face had grown white.

He turned to the half-tipsy steersman beside him.

"Marchmont," he said, speaking fast but with a meaning in his voice unmistakable, "if you don't let out that sheet, I'll throw you overboard. I give you warning. I'll pick you up afterward, but over you go now. Choose."

The dark face near him met his look with a scowl. It was a generous, amiable face usually, but it had grown brutal with the power of the drink.

"You be damned!" answered Marchmont. "I'm sailing this boat."

They faced each other.

"Let go that rope," said Reverdy.

Marchmont uttered an oath in answer, and as it passed his lips Reverdy sprang on him and with a sudden dexterous movement flung him overboard; then, turning, slackened the sheet; and kicking off his shoes, dived after him.

The girl's trembling fingers locked on the tiller and let the boat up into the wind as the gust struck her. There was one moment in which she thought she was done for, but with the last burst the strength of the wind was past, and she felt that she could look behind to where the two men appeared like specks in the water. She trimmed sail then and went about, bearing away to them. It took her only a few moments to sail under their lee and luff up alongside, and Reverdy hauled himself up over the side of the boat, and then leaned over and held out his hand to Marchmont in silence. Marchmont took it, and in a moment sat dripping by his sister. Henrietta set her face toward their little inlet, and there was silence in the boat as it swept on. It was a silence that did not intend to be broken; it lay there like a palpable presence, separating them completely—and yet they were each troubled by the others' proximity.

Marchmont sat quite sober, very white, his usual dark color washed out, his eyes grimly set on the distant shore; his hands lay clenched on his knees; little drops of water rolled down from his dark hair.

Reverdy also sat idle, his arms folded on his dripping clothes, his eyes looking straight ahead of him.

And Henrietta tacked slowly into the inlet, and at last the boat came up to the floating wharf. As they reached it, it was Reverdy who sprang out and made fast, Henrietta who let down the sail. Marchmont got off and, standing on the dock, wrung the water out of his sleeves and the bottoms of his trousers, then turned to the shore.

Reverdy looked after him; then, with an effort that made his voice sound like a knife, he broke the silence that enveloped them.

"Marchmont," he called, "wait a moment."

The other man turned and looked back

at him, hesitated an instant, then stood waiting while Reverdy approached him.

As Reverdy reached him, he stopped, and they stared into each other's faces.

Then the slow words came.

"I wish to offer you two facts." Reverdy's cheek grew darker with the rising blood. "I knew how fine a swimmer you were, and I love your sister." He paused an instant, then added, "She has refused me once: are you going to make her do it again?"

Marchmont stared at him.

Reverdy held out his hand. There was a moment when it was empty, then Marchmont caught it in his and gave it a hard clasp.

"I was all wrong, of course," he said; then turned to his sister, who had come up. "Take him, Hetty," he added, with a short laugh, "if you want him, but bind him over not to duck you when you disobey him," and he started up the steep slope of the green bank. "Come and change your clothes," he called over his shoulder to Reverdy, and disappeared over the top.

Reverdy faced the girl beside him.

"Miss Marchmont," he said hurriedly, "I've no doubt you think me a most importunate fellow, but I am not so bad as I seem. I will go at once. I stop—only to—to"—he hesitated; her eyes were downcast; he could not read her lovely, troubled color, her trembling lip—"to say good-by and forgive me," he ended, with a sort of sickened feeling that even her liking him was a miserable fable. He turned to go.

Henrietta took a step toward him. "You are not going like that," she said, breathlessly. "You are coming to our house to—to——"

Reverdy turned and caught the look she bent on him. The blood surged through him.

"May I," he said—"may I come just as a friend?" He hesitated. Their eyes met. "Just as a friend?" he repeated quickly.

"I should like it if you would," returned Henrietta, sedately enough if her blush had not betrayed her, and in silence they walked toward the house together.

[THE END.]



"Oberkellner!"

"Zu befehl, Herr Baron."

It was in the dining-room of the Kurhaus at Eichwald. On arriving I had given the head waiter a florin or two. Hence the title of Baron with which he was gratifying me and which, for another florin or two, he was prepared to heighten into Graf and elongate into Durchlaucht. During dinner I had exchanged a few words with a man who sat opposite to me, a tall, spookish person with a face of ghastly pallor. At the conclusion of the meal he had vanished. But now his face, returning, haunted. I could have sworn I had seen him before. Yet where?

"Sagen sie mir," I said to the waiter, "wer war der Herr der eben das Zimmer verliess?"

"Ein Franzose, Herr Baron, ein Advokat. Er sheint mir——"

The waiter ran on into voluble digressions, but I had ceased to hear. At the mention, not of the stranger's nationality, for with that, of course, his speech had acquainted me, but of his profession, memory raised a latch, years retreated and I was back in Paris assisting at a celebrated case.

The case, though celebrated, was simple. Some time previous, at one of the Philadelphia Assemblies, a girl effected what is called her *début*. Her name was Mary Asher. In appearance she was slight, very fair, with the features of a cameo. Her mother was a Hemingway, and her father, an Asher of Asherton, was known to everybody as one of Philadelphia's leading physicians. Socially the girl was unexceptionable, and financially an heiress.

At that Assembly there was also present the Vicomte de Cléry, a young *viveur*, no better off than the law allows and alarmingly good-looking. The girl sat out the cotillion with him and, after the ball, re-

tired to Spruce Street, where she dreamed such dreams as maidens may. The Vicomte had made short work of her. He did not stop there. In a short time he made her Vicomtesse. The pair proceeded to Paris, where they enjoyed both love and life.

In the process a year passed, then another. Ultimately one morning M. de Cléry started out as usual for a gallop in the Bois, returned the picture of health, sat down to breakfast with his wife, tumbled over and died. The grief of the widow was tragic. So also was that of the dead man's mother. But through the grief of the latter a suspicion filtered. At first microscopic as a minim, that suspicion magnified itself into a mountain. As a result, the Vicomtesse was arrested.

To that Assembly where Mary Asher had encountered De Cléry I had gone on from New York in a party. There were just forty of us—Forty Thieves, as we were afterward called, and not inappropriately either, for the majority of my companions demonstrated a superior ease in the filching of hearts and partners. But, to pursue the simile, their lay was not mine. I was a looker-on in Vienna, an idler in Italy, an observer at this particular ball. Among the objects of my observation was Mary Asher. I found occasion to be introduced to her, and, though it was her beauty that had allured, her charm detained. That charm resided not merely in her manner, which was refreshing, but in her eyes, which were frank. In their light I could see that if ever a girl deserved to be trusted, there she stood.

Two years later, when I learned of her arrest, these impressions returned. It is abominable, I decided, and, as I happened to be in Paris, I determined to be present when the case was heard.

In that determination others collaborated.

The pretorium was invaded by the street, the court taken by assault. In the tribune were first-nighters, society women, boulevardiers, dramatists and magistrates. At the bar, on the steps of the judiciary, in the laps of journalists, in the seats of the jury even, were cabotins and criminals. The air was suffocating. There was not room to budge. The aspect of the place was that of an arena. There was the same avidity, the same cynicism, the same thirst for blood. The raffra of Paris had flooded the hall as the rabble of Rome filled the circus. And to an audience such as that Mary Asher was tossed like a prey.

I saw her as she entered. In all my life never have I seen an expression of such utter despair. Grief had ravaged her face like vitriol. She could barely walk, and fell, rather than dropped, at the dock. It was pitiful, and the pity which I experienced others must have shared. In spite of the ambient cynicism, a murmur of sympathy circled. To me her appearance was incompatible with guilt. It is the misfortune of a novelist to be obliged to investigate all things, crime as well as virtue, and every real criminal whom I have seen in court has been unabashed, either indifferent or defiant. Mary Asher reminded me of nothing so much as a flower that has been trampled. Near her, her counsel, Maître Lefroid, a tall, lantern-jawed man, was sitting, and, on the same bench, I recognized her father. The indictment was being read. At its conclusion the President—the presiding justice—a valetudinarian in a crimson gown, turned and addressed her:

“Madame, I will ask you to rise. You are an American. Your father is a physician. From notes before me, contained in your diary, I assume that you familiarized yourself with his library. Subsequently you married M. de Cléry. It was a love-match. You accompanied your husband to Paris. For a while, between you everything was sugar and honey. But presently your husband began to neglect you.”

At this, the accused, who stood, a handkerchief to her eyes, bowed her head. She was sobbing.

The President continued: “For this neglect you reproached him. M. de Cléry neglected you more. Quarrels ensued which your servants witnessed. On one

occasion you were heard threatening him. Then, very suddenly, M. de Cléry died. Your grief was such that it became necessary to administer morphin. While you were under the influence of this drug, your mother-in-law discovered among your effects certain things which I have here before me. One is your diary. In it, day by day, you recount your disillusionments. I will read but two extracts. The first is the copy of a letter which you appear to have addressed to your husband. It is as follows: ‘If you knew the tortures which you make me suffer, you would weep for shame. You are not so wicked as you seem. At least, I hope not. Yet, if by your conduct you convince me that you are, I shall weep no longer. It will kill me. Oh, Maurice, before I do anything rash, come back to me, for I swear to you that otherwise one of us must die. I am at your feet, kneeling there, calling to you before it is too late, crying to you for mercy.’ The other extract is limited to a word, one with which I may admit I was unacquainted until I saw it here, but which the jury will appreciate. That word is ‘muscarine.’ What is muscarine, madame?”

For answer the accused, who stood, a handkerchief still at her eyes, shook her head. As before, she was sobbing.

“I am not to understand, am I, that you do not know? No. Merely that you do not wish to answer. I then will answer for you. Muscarine is a poison. Its effect is sudden. The mention of it in your diary has a significance which is heightened by this other object found among your effects—a picture of your husband on the back of which you have written, ‘Maurice, who shall die by my hand.’ Madame, be seated.”

The accused sank back. The hall, which had been hushed, broke into such commotion that the President threatened to evacuate it. Barring a court officer, no one paid any attention to him. The uproar continued, lulled only by a procession of witnesses succeeding one another on the stand—servants and experts, one of whom testified that muscarine leaves no traces and that the reagents employed in the autopsy had determined only slight discolorations superinducible as well by natural causes as the reverse. Thereat the



Drawn by O'Neill Latham.

" 'IT WAS IN FAIRYLAND WE WERE LIVING.' "

summing up ensued, whereupon Lefroid addressed the jury.

"Gentlemen," he began, "in the years that I have pleaded and during which I have been obliged to probe the depths, often obscure, of the consciences of my clients, I have remarked in women a curious ability to deny evidence, to distort testimony, to embroider facts, to evolve explanations and to lie—even to their counsel. To get at the truth, I have been compelled to treat them as pathologists diagnose disease, and when at last the diagnosis was complete, again and again I have despaired of their acquittal. But in the present instance my experience has gone for nothing. The lady who sits there had no story to tell me, no imaginary defense, none of those tales which women invent and which, tenaciously reiterated, they end in believing. That lady has been too overwhelmed by death to consider life, too prostrated with grief to harbor fear, too crushed for invention. Gentlemen, they are most hopeless who have hoped the most. The hopes of

my client were such that in losing them she has lost even the instinct of self-preservation. Of all human beings I have known, she is the most despairful. She adored her husband, and not merely is he taken from her but she is charged with his murder. It is true she reproached and threatened him. But what are a woman's reproaches but testimonies of love? What are her threats but confessions of weakness? Though a woman reproach the man whom she loves with a hundred crimes, though she threaten him with a thousand deaths, he knows that if he but return his crimes are absolved, that in her heart always there is forgiveness."

The address continued, punctuated with applause. The sincerity of the man was obvious, and that sincerity he strewed about him as seed is strewn, full-handed, with increasing conviction. You could see it germinating among the jury, budding into blossoms of commiseration, preparing to flower into acquittal, and that, too, despite the evidence, despite the facts.

Then suddenly, without transition, the sower was replaced by the reaper. With a logic mathematical in its precision, Lefroid took each count in the indictment, one after the other, demonstrating its nullity, giving to each its proper perspective, winnowing evidence from truth, showing that though muscarine was mentioned in the exhibit, nowhere else had it been found, and insinuating the idea that the accused intended to administer it, if administration there must be, not to her husband, but to herself.

Amid fresh applause, he turned to the dock and addressed the prisoner:

"Courage, madame. That man took everything from you—your youth, your love, happiness and confidence, the dreams and illusions of your girlhood, everything, —yes, everything, even to your money. Freedom will not replace what you have lost. The verdict of the jury will acquit you, but it will not console. Yet, little by little, in the years to come your tears will be dried and peace restored. My task is done. I leave you to these gentlemen, confident in their justice."

Lefroid sat down. The jury filed out. Presently back they came, and at once, to the accompaniment of a clamor and frenzy of bravos, I caught the French equivalent of "Not guilty." The noise was deafening. Those who were not shouting were clapping their hands. But my enjoyment of it was impaired by women who were using me and the press-table at which I sat as a stair to Mary Asher, in whose arms they flung themselves with jubilant shrieks.

And now, as I sat in the Kurhaus, memory raised a latch, the sights and shrieks returned. Yet at the moment the reason of their visit was obscure. It was years since the trial was held, years since I had thought of it at all. In its parade the digressions of the waiter had continued unheeded.

"Ya, Herr Baron," he was saying. "Ein Franzose, ein Advokat."

I looked up at his fat, honest face. "Und sein Name?" I asked.

"Lefroid," he answered. "Der hochwohlgeboren Herr Lefroid."

The digressions continued. Unconsciously I gathered the fact that the lawyer had come to Eichwald for the

baths, which, of course, the Romans had built; and I asked myself, Where is the spot in which they did not build baths?—or rather, where is the European bath of which the origin is not attributed to them? But the query faded, submerged in the surprises of memory. It seemed odd to me that the entire drama should unroll for no other reason apparently than because I had exchanged speech with a man whom I had forgotten, and mentally I determined, should the chance occur, to ask him what had become of his client.

The next day I looked for him at the baths and again in the perfumery of a garden where a Viennese band was distributing the waltzes of Kela Bela. But it was not until evening that I met him, and then in the dining-room, where he appeared already to have supped and where he sat, a glass of Voslauer before him. As I took my seat he bowed to me, and presently, after I too had ordered and enjoyed a glass of that splendid Austrian wine, I opened the conversation with the announcement that I had had the privilege of listening to him during the trial of Mme. de Cléry.

"She is a compatriot of mine," I added. "May I ask if you know what has become of her?"

At the moment he was raising a glass to his lips, but at the question his hand so shook that the contents spilled on the table. Ghastly pale, he seemed, if possible, to grow paler.

"It is my nerves," he muttered by way of excuse. "Ah," he continued, casting about, it seemed to me, in an effort to change the subject, "you then are an American." With that abruptly he got up from the table and left the room.

People go to Marienbad for obesity, to Teplitz for lumbago, for neurasthenia to Eichwald. It is the haunt of mattoids. Anywhere else the conduct of Lefroid would have perplexed me. But at these baths—to which a series of shocks, induced however by nothing more severe than baccarat, had sent me—I accepted it as a matter of course. He has been overworked, I told myself, and, dismissing the subject, returned to Voslauer and pheasant.

Yet, whether it was because of the baths, or the fact that we were both strangers in a strange land, or some other



Drawn by O'Neill Latham.

" 'HOWEVER MUCH SHE HAD LOVED DE CLÉRY, SHE LOVED ME MORE.' "

factor as yet unexplained, in any event, as the "Kur" proceeded my acquaintance with Lefroid so far progressed that presently we got into the habit of sitting together over our wine. He was not very communicative, and manifestly he was very nervous, but when he did talk he talked well. Then it so happened that a patient in the establishment committed suicide, as patients there sometimes do, and that evening conversation turned on the subject.

"Have you ever been drawn that way?" he asked.

"Who has not?" I replied. "But two things have always preserved me—an interest in political economy and the fear of getting hurt."

"Stendhal must be a friend of yours," he answered, and consulted the ceiling; adding after a moment, yet more to the ceiling than to me, "Mme. de Cléry attempted it."

"Before her arrest?"

"After her acquittal. At that time—but—but let me see." He hesitated, paused, raised a glass, emptied it and stared at the ceiling again. "Ah, yes," he resumed, "I remember. It was this way. At that time she was done with life, done with it completely—or, to put it more exactly, she had done with love, and to some women love is life. Having lost the one she had no use for the other. But the possibilities of youth are inscrutable. Then, too, love returns to the heart as the leaf returns to the tree. I told her that. I told her everything that I thought could, if not console, at least convert. At first it was as though I were speaking to the dead—to the drowned, rather, in whom there is still a chance of resuscitation. She seemed to have sunk into depths where my voice could not follow, into those deepest depths where life is without form, without color, without sensation of any kind. But precisely as I had determined that she should be acquitted, so after the acquittal I determined that she should revive. And indeed, either because of her youth or my effort—because, it may be, of an influence not higher but the reverse, *because she had not suffered enough*—presently death loosed its hold, retreated, left her; life beckoned to her again, caught

her, wrapped her in its arms, rocked her, whispered to her and lured her back into convalescence. The possibilities which I had evoked came to her, plucked at her sleeve, sat with her, displayed their chimeras, accustoming her to their witcheries, familiarizing her gradually with their enchantments, until imperceptibly, little by little, after infinite hesitations, relapses, retrievals, issuing from that convalescence, she put her hand in mine."

"What!" I started so suddenly that Lefroid, who had been monologuing far more to himself than to me, started too.

"Sir, it is as I have the honor of telling you. She became Mme. Lefroid. The name is bourgeois, is it not? You recall her beauty. With that beauty it clashed. That I decided to remedy. On our wedding-trip we went to the Isles d'Or—to Hyères, as the place is more generally known. It is a charming spot, and it so charmed her that I bought a bit of property and, influences at the Vatican aiding, bought also a patent of nobility which enabled her to call herself *Princesse des Isles d'Or*—Princess of the Golden Isles. You will agree that the title fitted her. She took in it a pleasure as entire and as innocent as a child will in an unexpected toy."

"It is pretty," I threw in. "But, how fantastic! It sounds like a reminiscence from a fairy-tale."

"Sir, it was in fairyland we were living. In the dream of it, rather. Yet dreams do not last."

He hesitated again, looked at me, at the ceiling, perhaps through it at the past.

"Sir, she adored me. However much she had loved De Cléry, she loved me more. The man was a brute. It never occurred to me that his brutality I could exceed. And yet I did. It killed her."

The Voslauer was having its usual effect and I was getting sleepy. But this climax shook me. It seemed to me that there were tears in it, regret too, the regret that is made of remorse. Here is melodrama. I reflected, and as the article is one of which I am always in search, mentally I bolstered my attention.

"Sir, up to the very last; perhaps even at the very last, she adored me. Her notebook, which I afterward found, showed me that, showed me, too, the anguish of an

agony which she concealed from me and which not for a moment did I suspect. No, and for the infamous reason that I was too occupied with other suspicions, with suspicions which, to my eternal perdition, I was vile enough to express. Sir, it was that which killed her."

He waved his hands. I noticed that the muscles of his mouth were twitching. But at once he was off again.

"Sir, we were then in Paris. There one day she was obliged to dismiss a servant. She never dismissed another. As I afterward discovered, the reptile thanked her, expressing a feigned joy that he had escaped being poisoned. The venom of that must have affected a nature as vibrant and sensitive as hers. But presently other things added their quota. A case was called for trial, one

quite parallel with her own, a woman accused of murdering her husband. The feverishness with which she followed the reports you may imagine. In these reports she saw her own *procès* mentioned. That was but natural. The two were so similar, yet differing in this: the woman was convicted. The conviction must also have affected her profoundly. But other incidents supervened. Among her acquaint-

ances she noticed that some had become absent-minded, others near-sighted. In receptions at which she appeared, people eyed her furtively, talked inaudibly, whispered together, moved away. These things—others, too, no doubt, of which I am ignorant, for she never mentioned them, never complained—stayed her steps, preyed on her, undermined her health. I saw

that always there was present something of which she never spoke. If I asked, she answered at random, alleging fatigue, advancing any one of those myriad *malaises* which women when they wish have within beck and call. It was as though she were sitting in the shadow with a phantom between us. But why was she in the shadow? What was the phantom? I did not know. Then, from being unable to understand the



Drawn by O'Neill Latham.

"IN THIS PLACE . . . EVERY ONE SEEMS OFF."

present I turned to the past, to the day when in prison for the first time I saw her and tried to solve the mystery of De Cléry's death."

"It was rather odd," I interjected. "What was it after all? Heart disease?"

"Sir, he had no heart. After considering his death, I began to consider our marriage. Why had she taken me? *Je ne suis pas beau, non, n'est-ce pas? Alors,*

pourquoi? That pourquoi haunted me. In search of an answer I got out the dossier and went over the case anew. The arraignment seemed to me then convincing enough and my own plea absurd. Between the two her figure surged, but differently from before: a figure composed half of hysteria, half of passion, a woman insatiable of pleasure and, in pursuit of it, irresponsible, monomaniac, hesitating at nothing, even at crime. At once her silence became communicative, her preoccupation clear. In that shadow she was concocting something. The phantom was its success. The Why flew away. In its place came When? As that query leaped into my brain, I shuddered. The shudder was succeeded by fever. I wondered, could When mean Already? Abruptly I ran to her. 'What is the antidote for muscarine?' I shouted, and at what seemed to me her feigned bewilderment, 'How did you give it to De Cléry?' I cried. 'I am not well, I am certain that——' Her reply was a look. Shall I ever forget that look? There was in it the heartrending fright of a child pursued. There was in it despair, agony, something suffocating too; and, abruptly as I had run to her, with a scream she ran from me. I followed after, but she got to her room, threw the door to and locked it. When I succeeded in breaking through, she was on the floor, her face convulsed, her mouth distorted, an empty vial at her side."

"Verzeihen, meine Herren, die gnädige Frau lässt fragen——"

It was Karl, the head waiter, who, unperceived by either of us, had approached and was addressing Lefroid. With a word of apology, the latter got up from the table and left the room. As he went, a sense of infinite pity possessed me—pity for him, pity for the fair girl whom he had harried down to death—and for a while I lost myself in the tragedy, in returning and retreating visions of the Princess of the Golden Isles—Golden Isles indeed, on whose sharp reefs her fragile bark, ill steered by him, had foundered. A dozen questions occurred to me. At the moment I contemplated waiting Lefroid's possible return. But it was late, fully ten o'clock. I too had come to Eichwald for my nerves, and, reflecting that they had supped sufficiently on horrors, I postponed the ques-

tions till the morrow and ambled off to bed.

But on the morrow Lefroid was not in his accustomed seat. It was occupied by a very large woman, unmistakably middle-class, a medallion under her triple chin, an expression of extreme decision in her face, and, about the corners of her mouth, a pronounced mustache in gray.

Karl was hovering about, and, calling him, I asked after Lefroid.

In a whisper, the man informed me that Lefroid was not well, and, bending yet nearer, added, "Die Dame gegenüber ist seine Frau."

"Unsinn!" I exclaimed.

The "dame opposite" must have heard. As I stared at her she stared at me.

"Pardon," I said in French. "The waiter tells me that I have the honor of addressing Mme. Lefroid."

The creature nodded and helped herself to some peas.

"May I, without indiscretion," I continued, "venture to inquire how long he has enjoyed the advantage of being your husband?"

In the voice of an ogre the creature manipulating those peas with her knife replied, "Five and twenty years, monsieur."

"Ah," I exclaimed, now thoroughly flabbergasted; "ah, indeed! I congratulate him. But last evening he was telling me about Mme. de Cléry, the Vicomtesse de Cléry, whom he once defended. She is a compatriot of mine. Do you happen to know what became of her?"

"Perfectly, monsieur. After the trial Mme. de Cléry returned to the Americas with her father."

"Ah," I repeated in a crescendo of bewilderment, through the apogee of which, however, a glimmer of understanding shot. "Ah, indeed! M. Lefroid, I regret to hear, is not very well."

"If he were, monsieur, what would he be doing here? You do not seem very well yourself. But in this place"—and the ogress juggled again with the knife—"every one seems off."

"I see." And with a smile which that creature must have construed into a leer quite as lunatic as any which her husband could display, I decided that my nerves had got all the good they could out of Eichwald.

"Karl," I called to the waiter, "die Rechnung."

"Zu befehl, Herr Baron."

CECIL RHODES.

BY JOHN ERISBEN WALKER.

WE now come to the last stage of Cecil Rhodes's life. We have seen him ride off, after the humiliating failure of his schemes for the Jameson raid, to seek an opportunity to collect his thoughts in the silence of the veldt. From a position of the highest influence, even more powerful in South Africa than that of the King in England, he found himself with shattered plans and confidence destroyed, likely to be brought to trial upon a criminal charge.

Rhodes had always been a man of action and it was probably with a pleasurable sensation that he was called upon to face just at this time a crisis in the affairs of the Chartered Company—a Matabele outbreak sweeping before it his white settlers and threatening the desolation of the company's possessions.

Having first rushed to the front horses, arms, provisions and fighting-men, Rhodes set off himself to join the Rhodesian Horse, then moving up to the relief of Bulawayo. As the war progressed, the situation grew more serious. The natives of Mashonaland, who were expected to prove friendly, joined the Matabeles. The financial resources of the Chartered Company were at the lowest ebb. Rhodes's personal fortune was tied up in the many large enterprises which he had been fostering. The fear that the war would consume a great length of time, the uncertainty as to the trial which he would be compelled to stand in England for the Jameson raid, and the desire of a considerable party in England to discredit him, tended to render the borrowing of money difficult. With each day a continued conduct of a costly campaign was becoming more and more impossible.

In this dark hour, when despair had almost seized upon his soul, the horizon of his fortunes was lighted by a brilliant resolution, which nevertheless could have been born only of utter hopelessness. He announced to General Carrington that he purposed to go unarmed to the Matabeles and undertake alone, that which had become hopeless by force of arms. Taking with him three white men, entirely without weapons himself, his escort carrying

only such revolvers as they could conceal, he went straight to the Matabele camp, where it so happened that the chiefs and their retainers were then holding an indaba.

It is more than probable that Rhodes, disgusted with the outcome of his planings and the condition of his affairs, had chosen the Matoppo for the scene of his final ending; and that he had linked in his mind the Matoppo with such memory of him as was to go down to history. And very curiously, this idea was prophetic, in a way. His body was not to be struck down then and there by the spears of the Matabeles as he perhaps imagined, but it was to return later on, borne back by the reverent hands of his friends, and be deposited there, the Matoppo to be his final resting-place.

It was a wild chance: To save the South African country and restore in great measure his own reputation, if the result should be in his favor; death, quick and dramatic, in such a cause that it would do much to atone for past follies, if the dice should be against him.

Rhodes and his three followers walked forward into the middle of a natural amphitheater where ten thousand warriors stood upon their spears, astonished at his boldness and curious as to its result. Rhodes, looking ten years older than when he had last met these chiefs, with many wrinkles and deep circles drawn under the eyes by the episodes of the last few months, stepped forward with fearless dignity, intent on the perpetration of an immense bluff.

He had come among them, he said, to have them present their grievances, in order that he might correct them. He took the rôle of the powerful protector. It is a pity that a man occupying so heroic a vantage-point could not have risen to the greater height of being absolutely truthful. His argument as it has been transmitted to us was insincere; it was that of a man who did not hesitate to avail himself of any opportunity. To the astonishment of his companions, he turned with blazing eyes to the indunas and showered accusations rapid and fierce upon their heads. He was

playing farce with all the elements of tragedy present. His companions, sitting as it were under the footlights, could scarcely fail, with any sense of humor, to enjoy the stage setting and the impassioned harangue. History has only a few examples of so interesting a bluff. I recall that of General Forrester besieged in a Chinese town by twenty thousand Taipings—his own troops decimated until only about twelve hundred were left—dressing up three thousand prisoners in the uniforms of his own men who had been killed, standing the prisoners with imitation arms in their hands behind a single rank of his own infantry; then inviting the Taiping generals to come inside his walls and see for themselves how large a force of fighting-men he still had at his command. Marvelous as it may seem, poor Forrester was actually successful in producing the desired impression. But the fight went on, and eventually he stood on the walls until almost the last man was cut down beside him, himself finally taken prisoner and marched off on a six months' journey, for exhibition; at the last moment rescued by Li Hung Chang through the payment of half a million dollars—perhaps the largest ransom in history.

If we study the men whom Rhodes subjected to his will at various periods of his life, we must credit him with the possession of marvelous psychical powers. The magnates of the diamond-fields, Jameson and twenty lesser South African lights; Chamberlain and an endless array of English politicians; Stead, whose ideas were opposed to Rhodes from almost every point of view; even Schreiner and many leaders of the Dutch in South Africa, were numbered among his personal admirers. These powers stood him in good stead now, while an ominous growl ran through the ranks of the young Matabele warriors ranged around the natural amphitheater where the conference was taking place.

Suddenly one of the oldest and most distinguished indunas present arose and cast his rifle and spear at Rhodes's feet. A moment later others followed suit. The rebellion was ended.

The man who had come into the midst of his foes with no certainty that his life would be worth a minute's purchase, stood towering above the savages, their complete

victor. The white occupation of Matabeleland was secure. The treasury of the Chartered Company had been saved. Rhodes, who had ridden away from Cape Town despised and hated, in reality a prisoner who would shortly be called to the bar to answer for a crime resembling highway robbery on a large scale, finds himself, by skilful planning and a moment's good fortune, hailed as the savior of a people and once more the recipient of the world's plaudits.

As Rhodes finally moved away from the scene of this extraordinary climax, turning to look back at the dark mass of humanity, he exclaimed to his companion, "It is such days as this that make life worth the living."

Yet even while rejoicing in the greatest triumph of his life, he was standing over the spot that was shortly to be opened for his grave.

Never really very strong, though tall and large of frame, and not having been taught at Oxford the care of the human body, it followed that the great strains through which he was passing had been making serious inroads upon his reserve strength. There had been mighty mortifications over the so easy defeat of Jameson, and chagrin beyond measure at the contemptuous forgiveness with which Krüger gave life and liberty to Rhodes's friends and mounted police.

Then a deeper purpose took possession of the man. He set off for England and concocted with Chamberlain a scheme which would surely do one of two things—either reduce the political power of Krüger or bring all the power of England into the field against the Transvaal.

Singularly far-sighted in commercial affairs, Rhodes seems to have had but little conception of the immense factor which character may be in political affairs. His education at Oxford had been confined to efforts to translate into fine phrases the Greek stories of patriots who had stood in defense of their homes and liberties. Intent upon elegant diction, of acute perception in the skilful rendering of words, he lost sight of the one thing which was most worth while in the Greek histories. Subsequently associating constantly with officers who had come to regard jaunt uniforms,

personal courage, and precise military movement as constituting the whole art of war, he had imbibed the belief that troops with these attributes were invincible when opposed in anything like equal numbers to persons so slovenly in dress and so unorganized as the Boer farmers of the veldt.

Studying Rhodes's utterances, one must believe that he felt absolute confidence in the invincibility of the English regiment. Himself what we can best denominate by the word bluffer, he believed that Krüger was talking big and would never go to the test of serious war; or, if war should come, that the progress of military movement would be a rapid, triumphant march for the English forces.

That he and a Colonial Secretary of Great Britain had devised this plan, no disinterested student may doubt. Vastly more superficial than Rhodes in his political judgment, Chamberlain forced hostilities by every arrogance at his command, calculating that a short war would redound to England's renown and enhance his own personal importance.

The first steps of the war are yet too fresh in mind to justify more particular reference. Immense armies hurried forward, with all the powers of the British Empire, encountered ignominious defeats. Rhodes, gone off to look after his precious store of diamonds, found himself for many months a prisoner who scarcely dared show himself outside bombproof caves. If ever long-drawn punishment came to man for political crimes, it must have been Rhodes's lot during these endless weeks of humble concealment—not knowing what hour he would be a prisoner compelled to receive favor at the hands of his enemy Krüger.

There were stories of much champagne drunk and much levity during the siege; but unquestionably these were but masks to an agony that wrenched the very soul. Compelled to witness from day to day the inefficiency of untrained society men posing as officers, Rhodes's heart became gradually filled with disgust and bitterness, until at the end of the siege he made public outcry against a system which could breed such incompetence.

When restored to liberty, he was forced to watch one blunder after another in military administration. He beheld Great

Britain's South African expenditures pile up nearly a thousand million of dollars of debt for the British people. As his life drew to a close, the months of the war were passing into years. Two hundred and fifty thousand men, with the best rifles, equipment and supplies that wealth could afford, seemed unable to cope with a few thousand Boers. While he watched the progress of events, there were more English troops, of the highest type of courage, captured by these Boer farmers and contemptuously released after capture, than the reported numbers of the enemy in the field.

Eventually Rhodes was compelled to recognize the truth of the prophecy of his old enemy Krüger. The loss in lives and treasure to England had been of such frightful proportions as to "stagger humanity."

As disappointment and disgust cankered his heart, Rhodes's body seemed to lose its powers. Hopelessness took possession of him and he began to revise his will. As at Matoppos hills he drew victory from despair, so now with death came the highest achievement of the man—a will leaving a vast fortune for the education of peoples, the teaching of the brotherhood of man.

However many technical difficulties may be involved in the execution of Cecil Rhodes's bequests, undoubtedly the ideal was of the highest. Unfortunately, the thinker most capable of interpreting this ideal—Stead—was stricken from the list of executors owing to the bitterness which his outspoken discussion of Boer questions had raised against him.

As the last of Rhodes's life went out, he had the horror of recognizing that through his instrumentality South Africa had been involved in a war which had brought death to tens of thousands; mutilation, disease or suffering to hundreds of thousands; had wrecked every kind of commercial enterprise, devastated homes and farms, and left great sections ghastly wildernesses.

Having witnessed for so long the wonderful fighting powers of the Boer, he must even have doubted the ultimate results of all this wretchedness.

Dramatic in his rise from obscurity, in his control of political elements and in his battles with fortune, his punishment in being compelled to witness the ruin he had

wrought and to doubt the ultimate fortunes of the war he had brought on was equally dramatic.

His fellow conspirator, Chamberlain, has lived to see the King, impatient with his Minister's unscrupulous ambitions, take power into his own hands and by an application of wisdom and generosity exhibit that higher statesmanship which has gained him the warm appreciation of the world.

Rhodes's final work in his magnificent bequest to education is likely to have admirable results. We may speculate as to what was in the donor's mind and whether he calculated that the first effect would be the revolutionizing of Oxford.

A portion of the press in commenting upon Rhodes's benefaction makes the boast that the motto of Oxford is, "Learning for learning's sake." What Oxford calls learning is largely the study of dead languages and a history that is almost as dead as the languages in which it was originally written. It is further said that, "To be a fellow of Oxford University, in Great Britain is the stamp of finished culture."

Yet the learning of Oxford is very much the same that it was two hundred years ago. "Learning for learning's sake" is the sort of jargon heard throughout England to-day, while Germany and France, and a considerable portion of America, are pursuing science for truth's sake—which means that they are leaving England far in the rear, not only in intellectual development and in manufactures, but even in war if we may believe the just-published official reports on army reorganization.

"Teach us science for truth's sake; teach us how to think rightly, to live intelligently, and to regard the rights of our fellow men justly," is the cry of the new education which is stirring up men of the highest intellectual caliber and the most earnest action against that class of poseurs who formerly made the world believe that their smattering of dead tongues constituted true learning, just as in Cairo students grow into learned men through the memorizing of the Koran or at the great university in Peking by long repetition of the ancient Chinese classics.

The Mussulman graduated from the great university of Cairo has an education inferior to that of a twelve-year-old student

of the German gymnasium; the Peking student is somewhat more advanced, because he mixes with the classics a smattering of philosophy. We do not mean to say, of course, that Oxford ranks in the same category with Cairo and Peking; but this can be conservatively said: if England is to resume her greatness, she must first revolutionize her universities.

During the first half of the nineteenth century the educational poseur was a very much looked-up-to personage. He interspersed his sentences with quaint quotations and talked about the philosophy of Greece. But as the century neared its close, he grew very insignificant, and the mental Beau Brummel's circle of admirers is daily becoming more circumscribed.

The new inquiry as to what constitutes education is proceeding rapidly and Rhodes's bequest will serve the purpose of attracting attention to definitions.

What is real education?

The twentieth century will say that it is the teaching of truth—not mere languages and fables.

What the universe is.

What our earth is.

The laws which govern matter and force.

What man is; how life is brought into existence and preserved.

The object of life; the mind, its powers and its limitations.

The relations of human beings; their government by their fellows for the highest good of all.

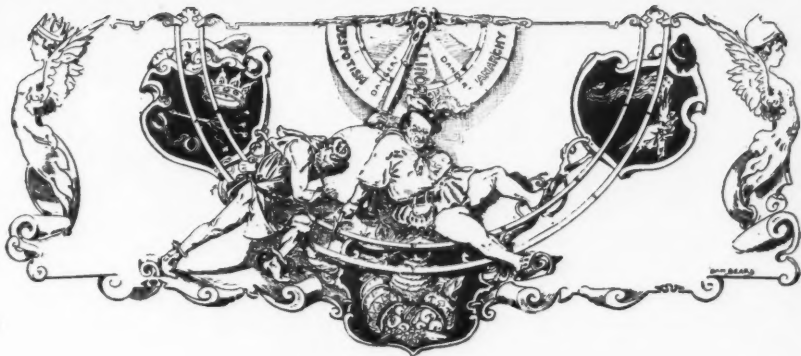
The arts; their evolution and their development.

Organization as applied to the universe—to the world of matter, and the human body, and to labor mental and physical.

The new educators will differentiate these headings, determine their relative importance, and base the teaching of knowledge in accordance therewith.

When English universities are modeled to conform to this idea, the decadence of Great Britain will be stopped and the English mind will again assume its leadership in the world's progress.

And Cecil Rhodes's strange admixture of accomplishment by national force, of loose ideas and of high ideals, will have produced a lasting impression upon the world's destinies.



MEN, WOMEN AND EVENTS.

MORE THOUGHTS ABOUT MEN AND WOMEN.

The author who has not made warm friends and then lost them in an hour by writing things that did not agree with the preconceived ideas of these friends, either has not written well or has not been read.

If I were a woman, I would cultivate the fine art of listening. Few women can talk as interestingly as they can look.

Most of the really great men in America have warmed their bare feet frosty mornings on the spot where the cows have lain down.

The men who do things, and not the men who merely talk about things, are those who bless the world.

The great man is poised and satisfied—no matter what happens. The little man is always full of trouble; and this trouble he always lays to the fault of others.

Do not dump your woes upon people—keep the sad story of your life to yourself. Troubles grow by recounting them.

There is always a very grave doubt about the value of the service rendered by warriors and rulers. How often statesmen and soldiers have been a menace and a positive curse! The three greatest men in the world to-day are Marconi, Edison and Carnegie. The thinkers and peaceful doers are the men who benefit and bless mankind.

There are no such things as reward and punishment, as these terms are ordinarily used. There are only good results and bad results. We sow, and we reap what we have sown.

I wish that all parents knew that love is better than a cat-o'-nine-tails, and that sympathy saves more souls than threats. However, one must know love to give love.

Things strongly condemned must have merit, for why should the pack bay so loudly if there be no quarry?

So peculiar, complex and wonderful is this web of life, that our very blunders, weaknesses and mistakes are woven in and make the fabric stronger.

To love the plain, homely, common, simple things of earth, of these to sing; to make the familiar beautiful and the commonplace enchanting; to cause each bush to burn with the actual presence of God—this is the poet's office.

When we realize that we are a part of all we see, or hear, or feel, we are not lonely. But to feel a sense of separation is to feel the chill of death.

The brethren of Joseph deposited him in a cavity; but you cannot dispose of genius that way.

There are two qualities that are the property of only strong men: confidence and resignation.

He who influences the thought of his time, influences the thought of all the time that follows. He has made his impress on eternity.

If you ever feel an inclination to write a strong, sarcastic and "fetching" letter, go ahead—dip your pen in aqua fortis and write it. Then throw it into the wastebasket. By the time the man would have otherwise received it, you will have gotten

over your wrath or have forgotten the incident.

And remember this: Yesterday's successes belong to yesterday, with all of yesterday's defeats and sorrows. The day is Here, the time is Now.

Life consists of molting our illusions. We form creeds to-day only to throw them away to-morrow. The eagle molts a feather because he is growing a better one.

Truth is in the air; it belongs to all who can appreciate it, and the difference between the man who gives a truth expression and the listener who at once comprehends and repeats it, is very slight.

We grow strong through exercise, and only the faculties that are exercised—that is to say, expressed—become strong. Those not used atrophy and fall victims of arrested development.

Positive anything is better than negative nothing.

ELBERT HUBBARD.

TWENTIETH-CENTURY HERODS.

From the Southern States where cotton-mills have been started—the Carolinas, Georgia and Alabama—come many echoes of trouble about child-labor. What started cotton-mills in the South was cotton and cheap labor. It saved freights to spin and weave the cotton in its own country, instead of hauling it to New England, and mill-hands could be hired at much less wages in the South than in New England.



So a good many mills have been built in the South—a fair proportion of them with New England capital—and they seem to have proved profitable to their owners.

But complaint is made that in almost all of them little children, from seven years old up, are employed, and kept at work ten hours or more a day, and in some cases are worked at night. The work is simple enough. It is to watch the reels in the spinning-rooms and tie the threads when

they break. But it keeps a child's attention on a constant strain and it keeps the child constantly on its feet. Most pitiful stories are told of the effects of this work on little children: how the strain kept up through long hours, six days a week, month after month, takes the very life out of them, stunts them body and mind, withers their wits, their nerves and their poor bodies, so that many of them die and many more are defrauded of their natural development. The parents of such chil-



dren—when they have parents—are “crackers,” poor-whites, shiftless, ignorant and unintelligent. Not only do they fail to protect their children's childhood, but many of them stipulate with mill-bosses that their whole family shall be employed, and, as between mills which want their labor, prefer the one that will have their children at the tenderest age. Defenders for these children have risen up in all the states mentioned, and efforts have been made, and are still being made, to have laws passed prohibiting the employment of children under twelve, but in all cases the mill-managers, many of them from the North and representatives of Northern capital—have fought such legislation with all their power, and have usually defeated it, because the states need the factories, and the legislatures are very loath to take any step that may offend capital or retard the development of manufacture. It seems a great scandal that these mill-owners—some of them highly respectable, and even pious, citizens of Boston—should make the fight they do against these child-labor laws. One can understand that the South needs the factories, and that cheap labor is part of the price it must pay for them, and that the labor of the illiterate “crackers” is not so good, or worth so much, as Northern labor; one can see the strength of the mill-owners' position; recognize the commercial chances they take and their jealousy of legislation that threatens to impair the value

of their investment. But all that does not explain—much less excuse—their antagonism to laws in protection of childhood. Their elaborate explanations—they have made them—are beside the mark. They say that child-labor laws are the entering wedge; they say, wait till all states pass like laws; they say, wait for a compulsory education law; but meanwhile they are turning the blood of these innocents into money, and that is murderous whether it is done by a worthless Georgia "cracker" or by a pillar of a Boston church.

WARD SANDFORD.

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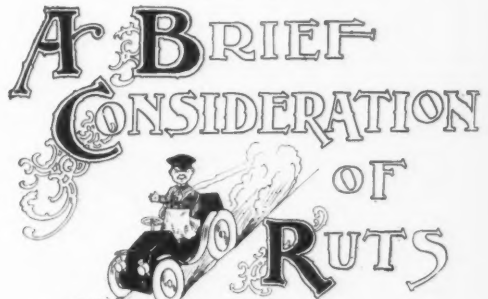
THE VOICE OF THE GLORIOUS FOURTH.

I
Am the Fourth of July.
And I'm big enough
To be the other three-fourths.
But I'm modest, you know,
And don't claim all my share.
Ain't that fair?
Of course it is;
It's my biz
To have a fair
And equal divvy everywhere.
That's how I got my start.
Hooray for Me
And the American Eagle
And the Declaration of Independence
And the Star-Spangled Banner
And Uncle Sam
And G. Wash.,
B'gosh.
I'm the birthday
Of the greatest Nation on earth,
And since its birth
The world has seen better days,
And it does not raise
Such crops of kings
And their underlings
As it used to raise
In the old-time days.
Which is owing to Me
See?
Before I was,
The freemen's cause
Was in a slump
And going lame,
But, Friends and Fellow Citizens,
When I got in the game,
It made a jump;
For I,
The Fourth of July,
Had come to stay,
And well they knew
The Red, White and Blue
Would float forever as a sign
That tyrants were no more divine
Than were the People; they who stood
As slaves to their own masterhood,
And to no other.
Man and Brother

Was my creed
As set forth in the Sacred Creed
The Declaration which unfurled
The Flag of Freedom to the world
Its lines were red
With blood of patriots, shed
To make it stand
The firm foundation of the land
But what of that?
In blood,
Not mud,
Are written all the deeds
That lift mankind to loftier things
And what is lasting in all creeds
Has borne the cross of sufferings
However, that is done.
And now we're having fun
Bells!
Yells!
Boys!
Noise!
Fizz!
Whizz!!!
From lake to gulf,
From sea to sea,
The pure, white light of Liberty
Beams out beneath our Flag unfurled
That stretches half-way round the world
And I
Am the Fourth of July,
The birthday of a Nation that
Knows just exactly where it's at,
And stands out clearly, boldly, so
All others in the push may know.
Gee whizz,
What a glory of glories
The Glorious Fourth is!

WILLIAM J. LAMPTON.

* * * *



When a boy I one day
went out riding with a
neighbor named Shackel-
shank. Shackelshank was a plain citizen.
My Uncle Toby also went along. My Un-
cle Toby was a plain-spoken person. Our
vehicle, a plain affair, was drawn by a pair
of oxen—simple bovine creatures with wide
expanse of horn. Going down a steep hill
the pole of the wagon pushed through the

ring in the yoke, precipitating the said vehicle on the unruly heels of the oxen, who promptly bolted. The outlook was ominous. "You durned old leatherhead," cries my Uncle Toby (a plain-spoken man, as aforesaid), "you dod-gasted old fool, run 'em into the bank!" "I can't,"



shouts back the unhappy Shackle Shank; "we're in a rut!" We went to wreck at the foot of the hill.

The other day my friend Carstairs asked me to take a ride with him in his big new French automobile. Carstairs is worth half a million and is vice-president of the Cotton-Batting Trust. Not being worth anything, and not even knowing what cotton-batting is, naturally I stand in some awe of Carstairs. We had not gone far when we picked up his friend Block. I had never met Block. We chuff-chuffed along on a country road, recently the victim of bucolic repairers, till we came to a long hill. Half-way down, Carstairs lost control of the machine. He could steer but he couldn't shut off the power. We were going like the wind. "You infernal lobster!" roars Block (little did I know that he was worth a million and president of the Woolen-Shirt Trust)—"you chuckle-headed scoundrel, run 'er into the bank!" "I can't," howls back Carstairs; "we're in a rut!" A passing doctor dressed our wounds at the foot of the hill.

I have a young friend named Reginald Rupert Endicott. Five years ago, using a bit of influence which I chanced to have, I got him a job (he called it a position) in a large paint house as clerk in the sales department. His wages (salary he denominated them) were fourteen dollars a week. They have not been lowered. He has made a model clerk. Never once has he even been late to the office, or violated one single rule of that great work, "How to Succeed in Life," by One Who Hasn't.

Last fall a slab-sided young fellow named Thomas Tompkins came in from

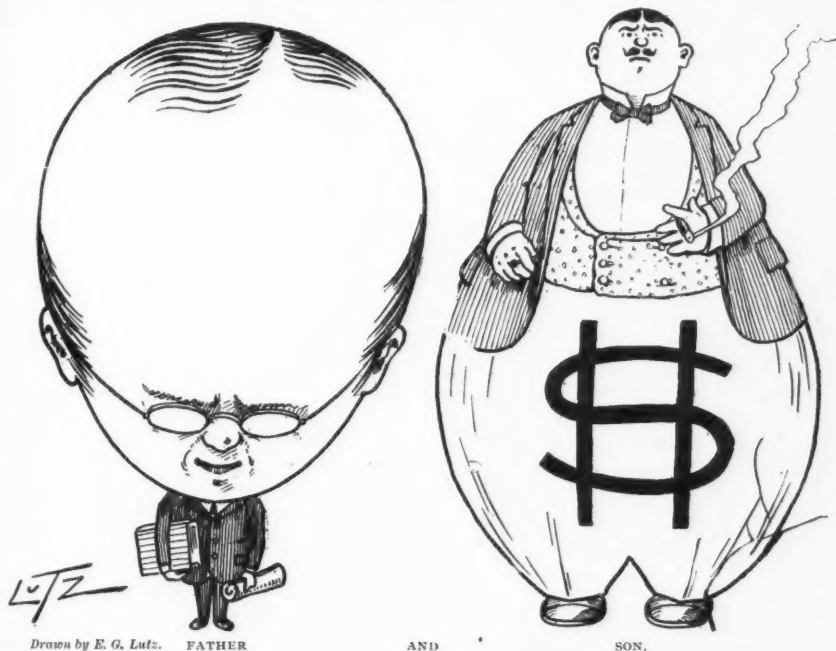
Chemung County and got a place in the same department. He was taken in only because they were short-handed. His clothes were so poor that they felt he would be glad of ten dollars a week, and they were right. He proved willing and not afraid of work, but it was soon seen that he would never make the clerk that Reginald Rupert was.

Things ran along till one morning in April he didn't appear in the office at the usual time. One hour, two hours, went by. Reginald Rupert wagged his head. "That fellow from Chemung will lose his place," he said to himself. "Sort of decent chap, too." At eleven o'clock the missing Thomas came in and stalked straight through the office into the room of the general manager. "Mr. Perkins," said he, "I happened to hear that the Hohokus Sheepskin Tannery Company was going to paint all its buildings. Got ten of 'em—three acres of roof. I went out and closed a contract with 'em to furnish the paint. We'll clear about twelve hundred dollars on the deal. Little outside of my regular work, but I was enough ahead on it last night so it hasn't suffered." Then he went back to his desk. But he didn't stay there. What he had done got noised about. The general manager told the president. Thomas Tompkins, late of Chemung, went out of that office on the double-quick. He now sells paint for the firm and picks up something like two hundred and fifty dollars a month. Reginald Rupert's mother came to see me about it. "Why doesn't Reginald Rupert do such



things?" she asked. "Reginald Rupert?" I said. "Oh—well, Reginald Rupert seems to have got into a rut."

The penetrating reader will note the disadvantage of getting into a rut, either concrete or abstract. Most of us do get into ruts. There are so many of them, and it



Drawn by E. G. Lutz. FATHER

AND

SON.

* * * *

is so easy to drop in. Such nice, pleasant traveling in a rut, too. Always smooth at the bottom, and you don't have to steer. There lieth the difficulty, too, as is obvious: you can't steer. And it is a curious fact that ruts always lead downhill.

It is just as easy for nations to get into a rut as individuals. Perhaps that was the trouble with the British in South Africa. Is it possible that a rut has claimed us for its own in the Philippines? Mr. Andrew Carnegie, though not by most geographers considered a nation, also seems to be getting into a rut. He gives away a library each day. Now, if he would only on some Friday give away just one tiny little county jail—

However, Mr. Carnegie hardly makes a shining horrible example as a rut victim. But how many friends have you that are deep in ruts? Are you slipping into a small one yourself? If so, be warned in time. Better you were in the county jail which Mr. Carnegie is going to give after he reads this, than in a rut.

HAYDEN CARRUTH.

MT. PELÉE AND THE WISE MEN

When a whole city with its busy life—its theaters, shops, churches and hospitals—falls in a breath to a mere dust-heap; the famous and the infamous, the young and the old, the grave and the gay, red-lipped women and white-cheeked nuns, mouthing moralists and reckless prodigals, the painter at his palette, the shoemaker at his last, the child at his jackstraws, blotted out by a prodigious cataclysm of nature, stunned by the sudden news, is slow to seize upon the full, dire significance of the calamity. Some squalid tragedy next door, less staggering in its enormity, comes home to us with a more poignant horror. It is only when the



catastrophe looms less large upon us; when time has, as it

were, set it in perspective, that the historian takes up his pen and draws it in just proportions for the eye of posterity.

But in the mean time side-lights are cast upon it. The preacher takes it for his text and proses on the awful imminence of death. The poet sings the memory of the wise and beautiful who perished there, or meditates on the ashes of the Jardin des Plantes where but a short time ago there were serenades and music and laughter among the myrtles; the cynic notes that of this great company, many no doubt exemplars of all the virtues, Nature chose for her clemency a condemned murderer, the life in men's eyes most destitute of dignity and worth, and finds here the cue for an irreverent sneer; while to the philosopher this ruthless destruction appears in a wholly different guise, revealing to him, perhaps, solemn compensations inscrutable to those less sage. And the satirist! What an opportunity it affords him to pillory shivering science in the persons of the eminent scientists whose years of painstaking research



in volcanology were of no avail to warn them against an actual volcanic eruption.

Picture this pompous body of geologists, with

all the pride and circumstance of learning, laden with geometrical paraphernalia and bulky books of reference, crawling up Mont Pelée's rugged steep, to potter about in innocent temerity on the brink of the rumbling crater, while the panic-stricken people in the town below, breathless, awaited their report; then, in solemn procession filing down again gravely to announce with much show of wisdom and wagging of heads the result of their investigation.

True, the crater was smoking; there was, they admitted, a flow of lava from the

crater lake, but this was alarming only to the crass and vulgar mind. Three gorges separated St. Pierre from the volcano: Mont Abel screened it from any possible fall of ashes; should a further flow of lava occur, it could not but follow the course of the River Blanche. Obviously, so far as St. Pierre was concerned there was nothing to fear.

And the papers followed the wise scientists—befogged their readers with abstruse dissertations from books of science or mocked at the ignorant fears of those who fled. "Les Colonies," the chief republican organ of the island, styles the fearful ones "mad fools"; even indulges in an ill-timed jest on Mont Pelée as "a monster snorting in its sound sleep." "What has to-morrow in store for us?" it queries banteringly. "A flow of lava, a rain of stones, jets of asphyxiating gas? There is a secret, which, when it is known, many will not be able to keep."

Their specious theories formulated, the learned volcanists retired once more into mists of abstraction; hardly had they shut themselves in their laboratories and libraries when the whole side of Mont Pelée leaped into living flame, in the twinkling of an eye blotting out the city, the scientists and the Governor and his military staff.

Poor fallible mortals! They are dead now and gone; themselves and their theories, their libraries and their laboratories quite overwhelmed—by an ironic trick of fate annihilated by the nature they spent their lives in misinterpreting.

ALGERNON BOYSEN.

* * * * *

LITERARY
ACTIVITIES.



BARGAIN-SALE SONNETS.

A SARTORIAL CYCLE.

BY WALLACE IRWIN.

I.
OFTTIMES a haberdasher's front I scan,
Beholding some Midsummer Sale display,
Gents' Fancy Tweeds Marked Down in wondrous way,
Bright Neckwear, Swell Enough for Any Man,
Tantivy Coats, All Shades from Green to Tan
And Up-to-Date Effects both rich and gay
Reduced to Bed-rock Values for One Day
And sold on the Cooperative Plan--

Ah, then my thoughts depart in errant flight
To some fair haven in the Ocean's reach
Where I may wander on a moony night
Upon a fair and maiden-dotted beach.
Then might I beauty to my bosom fold,
Owned I the charms yon window-ledge doth hold.



II.
And that serene imported silken tie
That bears "One-Half Reduction" so displayed,
I gaze upon its beauties all dismayed—
Tis not one-half so much Reduced as I;
And that too Timely shirt of gaudy dye,
Labeled "We Guarantee 't London-Made,"
For such a one as that I long have prayed
That mine might be the privilege to buy.

For your dear heart might throb responsive to
A manly breast by such a shirt encased,
And you might render Love its holy due
When by a suit of London cut embraced,
And that same Half-Reduction tie might shed
Its luster on your bosom-nestled head.



V.
Nay, Love, 'tis not Desire wherein I lack,
But certain Means wherewith Desire to meet.
Yea, I would hasten now with willing feet,
Were those same feet encased in Patent Black.
Held this fair head a Panama—alack!
What boots a Panama unless in neat
Imported Tweeds I might delight the street
And tempt the passers-by to turning back?

Ah, no, it cannot be, it cannot be!
In vain I lift lament to Heaven above.
A Collar stands betwixt my hope and me,
A necktie separates me from my love.
And still this placard marks my dour travail:
'Men's Summer Novelties—Reduction Sale.'

III.
Ye mock me, Hose at 27 Cents,
And Walking-Gloves at 40 Cents the Pair,
While Summer Shirts Guaranteed to Wear
Still torture with an agony intense—
O Latest Thing in Waistcoats, get thee hence!
Pray tell me, is it proper, is it fair
To flaunt the fleeting garbs I pine to wear
In all their unpermitted inexperience?

A love like mine, in sober garments dumb,
Might by a Waistcoat be interpreted;
A stylish Hat my passion's tale might sum,
Speaking of much 'twere otherwise unsaid.
Clothes may not make the man, but oft they aid
To make the bashful man compel the maid.



IV.
And if the 27 Cents were mine
Those lambent Hose to purchase for mine own,
For Gloves at 40 Cents I still would groan,
For Summer Shirts still I'd vainly pine;
And if I filled yon Waistcoat's gracious line,
Might I not still for Patent Kids make moan?—

Or, having these, lift yet my piteous tone
For some sartorial mystery divine?
For what are Hose to him who lacks the Shoes,
Or Shoes to him who still must gloveless go?
Or why 'twixt varied footwear should I choose
When I may naught of Fancy Waistcoats know?

Ah me! with longing great and fortune small
In choosing one I must forego them all.





M. Hugues le Roux recently announced himself as the author of one of Daudet's novels. Everything is possible. The announcement may be true. But though everything is possible, nothing is perfect. The announcement has a defect. Daudet had a style which is distinctive. M. le Roux is similarly gifted. With this difference, however. The style of Daudet is luminous. That of M. le Roux is voluminous. One is light, the other trite. In the novel which M. le Roux claims, we have been unable to discover any of his lack of brilliancy. Had this gentleman produced nothing under his own name and claimed all which has appeared under that of Daudet, his cheek might be obvious but not his tail. M. le Roux is too modest by half.

Even so and even otherwise, M. le Roux is singularly favored. Daudet, being



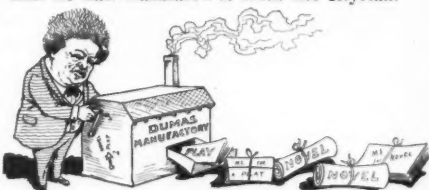
safely dead, is unable to cry, "Stop thief." Moreover, mystifications of this character are common enough.

Dumas was a great hand at that sort of thing. He turned out novels and plays as abundantly as ready-made clothiers turn out trousers and coats. He had a factory for the purpose. Among his foremen were Gautier, Feuillet, Souvestre and Gérard de Nerval. In one instance the firm produced for him a novel that had been stolen outright from the Dutch. Dumas was too magnificent to care. The case of "The Black Tulip" is yet more delectable. Some one called Dumas's attention to a

blunder which the story contained. But he refused to be bothered. "I have never read it," he said, "and I never shall." We have not been able to read it either. Yet such are the delights of life and literature that we have heard librarians commend it as among Dumas's choicest.

Prosper Merimée is another quotable manufacturer. At the court of the Third Empire he enacted the jester of the past. He wore no bells but his duty was to amuse. He wrote witty little comedies which were performed by dukes and princesses, and to the Empress Eugénie whispered anecdotes behind the fan.

One day he brought that lady a bundle of verse. It was excellent. He told her that he had translated it from the Illyrian.



A little later he produced a volume of plays, also translations, which he said he had found when rummaging in Spain. They too were excellent, rather horrifying perhaps, but nervous in movement, highly dramatic, colorless in adjective, unburdened by an unnecessary word. Verse and plays were reviewed by erudites and long articles appeared on the Illyrian meter and the Spanish stage. Merimée laughed in his sleeve. Verse and plays were his own.

The process differs from that of Dumas, but it may be commended to M. le Roux. It is perhaps not entirely novel. Yet then what is? Over a century and a half ago Psalmanazar handed out to a perfectly receptive public a language, a literature and a religion of his own invention all of which he attributed to a people who existed nowhere save in the uplands of his mind.

The process at least presupposes more originality than that which is requisite in robbing the dead. Yet if M. le Roux prefers his own way, we need not object. Humility is rare among the wise, rarer still among the ignorant, and among men of letters rarest of all. A phenomenon everywhere, it is regarded as one of the greatest when found in Grub Street. EDGAR SALTUS.



EDITED BY GARRETT P. SERVISS.

The Caribbean Cataclysm.

The explosion of the volcano of Mont Pelée on the island of Martinique, on May 8th, whereby the city of St. Pierre was in a few seconds completely destroyed, and thirty thousand or more people were killed, is one of the most extraordinary manifestations of volcanic power that have ever been known. From the accounts printed in the newspapers it appears that the bed of the sea in the neighborhood of the stricken island has been profoundly affected.

The "volcanic blasts" of hot gases and superheated steam, which appear to have been the chief agents in the destruction of life, are unprecedented in the history of such disasters.

The simultaneous outbreak of the crater of La Soufrière on the island of St. Vincent, with but slightly less disastrous consequences, and the coincident grumbings of other volcanoes in the great American chain, from Central America and Mexico to the Aleutian Islands, seem to indicate a very deep-seated disturbance, although it is not probable that there was any direct connection between the upheaval in the Caribbean and the signs of activity displayed by volcanic vents far removed from that center.

But Mont Pelée and La Soufrière belong to a chain of volcanoes having a common origin, so that their simultaneous outburst, although an uncommon event, is easily explicable. It indicates, however, that the force concerned must have been spread over an unusually wide area, besides being extraordinarily violent. Ordinarily an

eruption from one vent in a more or less connected chain of volcanoes serves to relieve the pressure on the others, and they remain comparatively quiescent. In this case, however, the tremendous outbreak at Martinique was so far from exhausting the explosive force pent up in the earth's crust, that the St. Vincent crater, not much more than a hundred miles away, afterward burst into action.

At the same time, the old vent at Santa Lucia, lying half-way between the others, and in the same chain, remained inactive, thus showing that there was not a continuous pressure along the entire line.

The geologists who have gone to inspect the scene of this cataclysm, under government auspices, will unquestionably find material for one of the most absorbingly interesting and scientifically important reports that have ever been issued. The entire history of the slow movements of the earth's crust between the two Americas will necessarily play a part in the investigation, and it will appear that the outbreak in the Lesser Antilles was only a minor consequence of those movements. The Atlantic coast of the United States is sinking; the northern coast of South America and the bed of the Caribbean Sea, and perhaps that of the Gulf of Mexico, are coincidentally rising. These opposed movements, resulting from the secular shrinking of the globe, produce strains and pressures which become at times so irresistible that a break must occur. But it is always in the rising area that the catastrophe, in the form of volcanic explosion, happens.

Germany's Gun-King.

The Emperor William has a rival in his own dominions. It is Krupp of Essen, the "gun-king," whose divine right is based as much as that of the Hohenzollerns upon the servility of humanity to military power. But Germany's maker of giant cannon is an industrial king also, turning out ships and machinery of steel on an enormous scale for use in the conquests of peace.

The present head of the great Krupp works represents the third generation of this family of gun-founders. The original Krupp was named Friedrich. His son Alfred, who died in 1887, first gave world-wide fame to the Krupp establishment. Alfred's son, Friedrich Alfred, is now the director and owner of the vast enterprise, whose principal seats are in Essen and Kiel. A few figures will give an idea of the magnitude of these establishments, where practical science achieves some of its greatest results. The Krupp works altogether consume more than five thousand tons of coal per day, and employ more than forty-six thousand men, of whom not far short of four thousand are engineers, superintendents, accountants, clerks, et cetera. At Essen alone, where the great gun-shops are located, between six and seven hundred million cubic feet of gas are burned annually, enough to supply all the needs of a city of four hundred thousand inhabitants. The amount of water used is no less surprising—between five and six hundred million cubic feet in a year, which is also on the scale of a great city's consumption.

Five hundred steam-engines, three hundred electric motors, sixteen hundred ovens and heaters, four thousand five hundred separate machines—such are some of the figures expressing the mechanical equipment of the Essen works.

At Meppen is a "proving-ground" where the mighty guns are tested. This ground lies in a broad moorland near the river Ems, and a few years ago, in the presence of the Emperor William, who is a close personal friend of Gun-King Krupp, a projectile weighing one hundred and seventy-four pounds was fired from a gun and, after attaining, in its magnificent trajectory, an elevation of twenty-one thousand six hundred feet, the screaming shell

came to earth twelve and six-tenths miles from its starting-point. But Herr Krupp declares that he can do much better than that to-day.

At Kiel are turned out battle-ships, yachts, and all other kinds of seagoing vessels. At the Buckau-Magdeburg works, steel machinery of every sort is made. At Annen, railway materials rank among the products. But there is none of the Krupp establishments which does not supply something of a warlike nature, in the shape of either guns or armor.

Head, Brains and Genius.

It has long been a popular belief, especially since the invention of phrenology, that the size and shape of the head are intimately related to the intellectual capacity. Almost everybody is accustomed to form dogmatic judgments of men, based upon this postulate. But the results of statistical investigation make it appear very doubtful whether the belief in question rests upon a sound foundation.

The conclusion is that there exists, in the general population, very insignificant correlation between ability and either the size or the shape of the head.

"Very brilliant men may have a slightly larger head than the average, but the increase is so small that no weight can be laid on it in our judgment of ability."

This is in accord with the results of other attempts to apply a scientific test to the assumptions of phrenology.

One naturally inquires what the history of extraordinary individuals has to say on the subject, but, unfortunately, the data are fragmentary and unconvincing. We know very little about the size and precise shape of the heads of the famous men of the past, or even of those now living. Portraits, statues and photographs fail to supply trustworthy evidence. It is clear, however, that quite as wide a variety exists among the heads of men noted for their intellectual powers and achievements, as among those of the general population.

But few records can be cited, and they are occasionally contradictory. Among celebrated men who unquestionably possessed exceptionally large brains may be mentioned the French naturalist Cuvier and our own Daniel Webster. On the

other hand, the enormous genius of Napoleon was lodged in a head that did not exceed the average size, although it was beautifully proportioned. Ralph Waldo Emerson's head was of even less than the average size, so that the majority of men could not have pushed their craniums inside the Concord philosopher's hat. Victor Hugo presented another example of extraordinary mental power contained in small compass, for his head was rather under than above the average. But he had a disproportionately large face, and, in his portraits, says Mr. Havelock Ellis, "he was always accustomed to bend his head forward, so that his forehead caught the light and looked very large, although in reality its dimensions were by no means remarkable."

If we go back farther into history we find extremely little to guide us in such an investigation. Of the size of Shakespeare's brain we have no knowledge, and even the shape of his head is not certainly known, because there is no perfectly accredited portrait of him in existence. The various antique busts of Julius Cæsar in the European museums give strikingly different impressions of the size and shape of his head. Upon the whole, they convey the idea that it was more remarkable for symmetry than for size. In the colossal bust at Naples it has a Napoleonic beauty of form.

In the portrait-statues of the most famous Greek statesmen, orators and dramatists the heads are not remarkable for size.

One of the largest and most superbly developed heads that the present writer has ever seen belongs to a janitor, whose ability is not superior to his occupation—although some may think that the latter calls for genius.

A Mechanical Voice.

Among the devices used for overcoming that greatest of all sea perils, fog, is the compressed-air fog-signal, placed at many lighthouse stations along our coast. The apparatus consists essentially of an oil-fuel engine and an air-compressor connected with a large tank in which the compressed air, under a pressure of forty pounds to the inch, is stored. From the tank the air passes into the fog-

horn under control of an automatic valve, which opens and closes at fixed intervals of time, thus producing blasts of such period and number as correspond to the code signal designating the particular station to which the apparatus belongs. Thus the shipmaster when prevented by fog from seeing the signal lights, is nevertheless informed of his approach to the lighthouse by hearing it call out, as it were, its own name or number.

More Experiments in Fast Railroad.

Nearly coincident with the announcement of a record run by an American railroad train at the rate of ninety-eight and sixty-six one-hundredths miles an hour, on the Burlington and Missouri River Railroad, between Eckley and Wray, Colorado, the total distance run being a little less than fifteen miles, comes the report from Berlin of the practical failure of the much-advertised experiments, under the auspices of the German government, in developing high railway speed.

A special track, between seventeen and eighteen miles long, was laid for the experiments, between Berlin and Zossen, and specially constructed cars and motors were furnished, the motor-power being electric. The track was of the standard type heretofore used in Prussia, and now to be found on most of the lines in that country, the rails weighing seventy pounds per meter and resting on metal ties.

No difficulty was experienced in developing a high speed. On two occasions the rate was more than ninety-nine miles an hour, but the speed could not be maintained because the track proved unable to bear the strain. Neither the rails nor the ties were heavy enough. The greatest speed that was found to be safe was eighty-one miles an hour; above that, the track began to give way.

Much disappointment was felt over this result, because speeds as high as one hundred and twenty-five and one hundred and fifty miles an hour had been aimed at, and as far as the trains and the motors were concerned, could probably have been attained. But the fact became clear that the German railroads, with a few possible exceptions, are not suited for very high-speed traffic.

It is thought that this result may lead to a return of favor to the steam-locomotive as against the electric motor in Germany, although of late the latter had been pushing toward the front. Electric traction, it is said, brings more destructive force to bear upon the track because of the impact of the concentrated wheel loads. In this country the best railroads are laid with heavier rails than those used in Germany.

Rich Men as Inventors.

That the possession of wealth is not always a detriment to the brain, is proved by many examples of rich men who have devoted themselves to invention with as much eagerness and application as were ever displayed by needy geniuses under the whip of hunger. Everybody has heard of young Cornelius Vanderbilt's improved form of locomotive boiler, and has joined in applauding him as if this were a solitary instance of invention sprung from another mother than Necessity. But Mr. Vanderbilt himself has hastened to dispel any such notion by putting forth, in succession, four or five other inventions relating to railroad rolling-stock, such as a new form of locomotive tender, a new type of car-truck and a new tank-car.

And he does not stand alone, by any means. In a brief list of wealthy inventors who were rich before they took out their patents, the "Scientific American" reminds us of Colonel John Jacob Astor with his pneumatic road-cleaning machine and his new turbine for steamship propulsion; of Mr. Cooper Hewitt with his mercury-vapor lamp and his improvements in the glue-making apparatus devised by his grandfather, Peter Cooper; of Mr. Edward R. Hewitt, another grandson of the philanthropist, with his patented process of printing photographs in colors; of Mr. David Wolfe Bishop with his improvements in motor carriages; of Mr. Anson Phelps Stokes, Jr., with his indoor-golf apparatus, which may save some broken shins; and of Mr. Clarence G. Dinsmore with his pneumatic-tire inventions.

Undoubtedly this list could be considerably extended, and to it might be added the names of men, now become wealthy from the fruit of their earlier inventions,

who nevertheless do not tire of still laboring in the same field—such men, for instance, as Thomas A. Edison, Professor Graham Bell and Lord Kelvin.

Safety in Railroad Travel.

The system of educating the enginemen and trainmen of one of the Western railroads rests upon a clearer recognition of scientific principles than is, perhaps, common. Starting with the fact that the brain may be trained to act in obedience to the senses without the intervention of conscious thought, the first step is so to educate the men in their duties that they respond instantly, as it were mechanically, to any call. To answer correctly the questions at an examination is not enough; the applicant must answer without hesitation, else he is rejected. In the emergencies of practical railroading there is no time for stopping to think or to reason. The engineman who can be depended upon to save a train from wreck, performs the necessary acts, not because he thinks of them, but because his brain has been so trained that it responds to particular circumstances without volition, and he would have to make a strong effort to cause it to do otherwise.

Experience shows that after a certain age men are incapable of acquiring this perfect training; they must begin when young.

Where it is possible to do so, the chance of forgetfulness is eliminated by means of the staff-block system. At each end of a block is placed a staff machine, consisting of a case containing thirty-one metal rods shaped to fit in the machine. The two machines are electrically connected. When a train is to be sent through, a bell signal to the operator at the opposite end of the block causes him to press a lever which electrically unlocks the machine at the end where the train is, so that a staff can be taken out. The removal of the staff automatically locks both machines, which cannot be unlocked until the staff is returned to one or the other of the machines. The staff is carried with the train, and used to unlock and relock the semaphore signals. The signals cannot be interfered with, since the only obtainable key to them is on the train passing through the block.

